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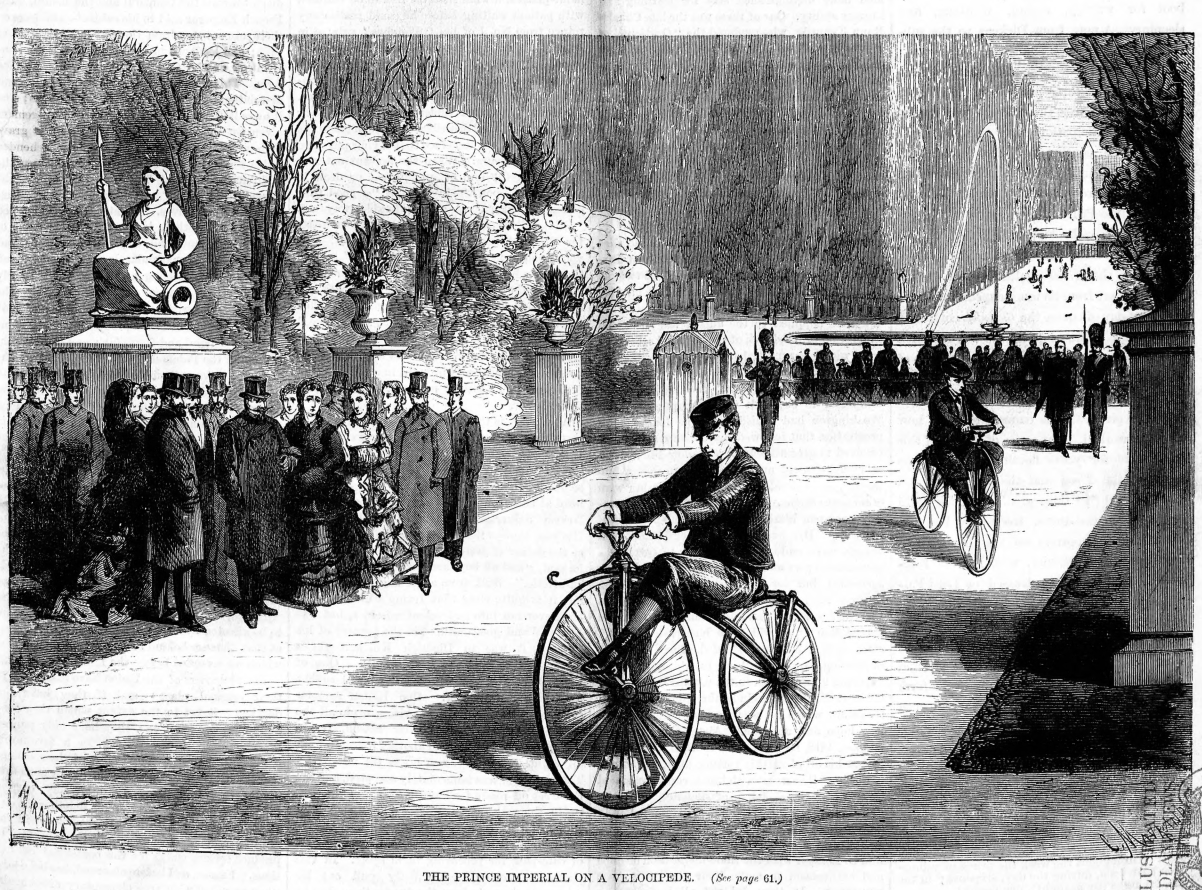
REPORTERS ON THE ROAD.

What a mass of interesting political and personal incident that phrase covers! Perhaps to most newspaper readers of our own day it represents nothing more than a hazy historical fact. But there are many men still living, occupying distinguished positions on the Press, at the Bar, and in the ranks of Literature, who could, if they would, contribute under this head a very romantic and picturesque volume to the general history of the Newspaper Press; for most of the men who of late years have distinguished themselves as Special Correspondents began their professional career as Reporters on the Road, and by their labours in that capacity contributed in no slight degree to the distinction and renown that the English Newspaper Press has since attained. It is hardly possible, at the present day, when the newspapers all round present us at breakfast with a verbatim report of a two hours' speech delivered by Mr. Gladstone or Mr. Bright at Liverpool, Rochdale, or Birmingham, the previous night, to form a vivid conception of the working of the Press thirty or forty years ago, when all the work that is now done by a co-operation of labour, by express trains, and electric telegraphs, was done by Reporters on the Road, racing against each other in post chaises and on horseback, and by means of special postboys stationed on the roads.

Five-and-thirty years ago the only papers that made any pretensions to fulness and accuracy in the way of Parliamentary and general reports were the *Times* and the *Morning Chronicle*, Mr. Walter, the father of the present proprietor, was at the head of the *Times*. The *Chronicle* was in the hands of the late Mr. Delane, the father of the able and accomplished man who now holds the highest position in English journalism—that of Editor of the *Times*. Shrewd business men, of prompt and energetic spirit, these rival managers were always at work plotting surprises for each other, and they were assisted by men animated for the most part by their own spirit, and co-operating with them heart and soul in their work of outwitting each other. Mr. Delane was a man of infinite resource, and under his management the *Chronicle* for years bore away the palm from its powerful rival. Its staff was especially strong, comprising men like Charles Dickens, Shirley Brooks, Henry Mayhew, "plain John Campbell," and Angus Reach; and its chief, Mr. Delane, possessed a special faculty for arranging expresses to "take in the *Times*."

There is extant one remarkable instance of this, which thoroughly put the *Times* on its mettle, and formed, for a long time, one of the traditions of the Gallery. Lord John Russell was announced to deliver an important speech at Exeter. It was a time of great political excitement, and everyone was anxious to know what the great Whig Chief had to say upon the question of the day. The *Times* and the *Chronicle* accordingly laid themselves out to report the speech. The expresses were planned all along the line of road from Exeter to London; and the best men of the staffs selected for the work. We hope there is no



THE PRINCE IMPERIAL ON A VELOCIPEDE. (*See page* 61.)

ONE PENNY NEWSPAPER B 23

indelicacy in mentioning the names of these men. Charles Dickens represented the *Morning Chronicle*, and Mr. Denison the *Times*. They were well matched, for they both knew the road, every inch of it, and they were both of them crack reporters. Thus pitted against each other they met in the Castle Yard of Exeter on a wet boisterous morning, and took their notes of Lord John's speech together under the common shelter of a friendly umbrella. They had made their arrangements to start the instant the speech was over. This was not till midday, and Mr. Dickens got the start. Driving leisurely into the yard of the Red Lion at Honiton, however, Mr. Dickens had the mortification to see the *Times*' chaise disappearing, with a couple of fresh horses, at the other end. Mr. Denison had taken a bye road that brought him into the town a quarter of an hour before his rival; and this was the consequence. It must have been a little mystifying as well as mortifying to the representative of the *Chronicle*. But there was no help for it but to push on as promptly as possible, and trust to the chances of the road to reduce the distance as much as possible. Dickens did this; and about Salisbury once more came up with his rival and passed him. There was strategy in this; for Dickens had calculated that by the time he got within twenty or thirty miles of London he should have finished the transcription of his notes, and he had a plan in his head for sending on his copy by a postboy on horseback, and quietly breakfasting on the road after his night's work. This object gained, therefore, Dickens slackened speed and allowed the *Times*' man to find him taking his ease at his inn over a cup of coffee and a plate of buttered toast. Denying himself these matutinal luxuries, Denison pressed on with his copy in his pocket, contenting himself by brewing a cup of coffee over his carriage lamp; for these newspaper expresses were fitted up with every appliance, and means to boot for writing, eating, drinking, and sleeping. A note from Dickens to the subeditor of the *Chronicle* had explained the plot; and that ingenious gentleman altered Dickens's report in two or three parts so as to be able to identify it in case the *Times* should appropriate it in anticipation of its own reporter's notes. The contingency thus anticipated happened. The *Times* republished as its own the *Chronicle's* report; and when Mr. Denison drove up into Printing-house-square, half-an-hour at least, as he supposed, before Dickens could get into the Strand, he met the newsboys with the *Times* containing the appropriated report from its more expeditious rival. The next day of course the *Chronicle* contained an exposure of the *ruse*, and the way in which it was accomplished soon became the talk of the Gallery.

This is only one instance out of fifty that might be given. It is enough to show how the plan worked. But series of stories of this kind were for years floating about in the offices of the *Times* and the *Chronicle*; and when we add that these great rivals, the Twin Brethren of the Press, frequently had ten or a dozen Reporters on the Road, with Brougham in Yorkshire, with Peel at Tamworth, with Lord John Russell or Lord Palmerston in Devonshire, and sometimes with O'Connell in Tipperary and Connaught, probably we shall have said enough to show that even before telegraphs were dreamt of, and when express trains existed only in the form of phantoms in the imagination of an uncouth Northern pitman, the English Press was not less distinguished than it is now by the enterprise and energy of its management, and by the promptitude, fulness, and accuracy of its reports.

The Royal Hibernian Academy of Arts, in Dublin, closed its exhibition of pictures on Saturday. Throughout the week the prices of admission have been, during the day, sixpence; in the the evenings (by gaslight), one penny!

REMINISCENCES OF WASHINGTON IRVING IN BIRMINGHAM.

BY ELIHU BURRITT.

Washington Irving frequently and fondly refers to "The Birthplace of Rip Van Winkle," or his sister's house and family in Birmingham, in terms expressing the deep enjoyment they afforded him in all the vicissitudes of his experience in England. Nor did he shut himself up within that circle; but, one of the most genial and social men living, he made the acquaintance of persons and places in the town and vicinity which he greatly prized. If he used the familiar appellation given to the town by outsiders who do not know its real worth, it was from no levity of appreciation on his part, but to comply with a custom better honoured in the breach than in the observance. Writing to Brevoort, he says:—"Brummagem anecdotes would give you little entertainment; yet I must say I have found many good people here, and some few that are really choice. Among these I must especially mention my particular friend, the Rev. Rann Kennedy, of whom I may some day give you a more full account. He is a most eccentric character, and is both my admiration and amusement. He is a man of real *genius*, preaches admirable sermons, and has for a long time past been on the *point* of producing two or three poetic works, though he has not, as yet, committed any of his poetry to paper. He, however, says he has it all in his brain, and, indeed, has occasionally recited some passages of it to Peter and myself that have absolutely delighted us. With all this, he has the naïveté of a child, is somewhat hypochondriacal, and, in short, is one of the queerest mortals living. He is a great favourite of Dr. Parr, and is very anxious to make me acquainted with that formidable old Grecian. He has two or three likenesses of Parr hanging about his house, and the old fellow is a great deal at Kennedy's when in Birmingham, to the great annoyance of Mrs. Kennedy; for Parr is a great gourmand and epicure, and when he dines with any of his particular friends is very apt to extend his domineering spirit to the concerns of the larder and kitchen, and order matters to his own palate—an assumption of privilege which no true housewife can tolerate."

This Rev. Rann Kennedy was Rector of St. Paul's, Birmingham, and not only the man of genius as attested by Irving, but the father of men more distinguished still for learning and literary ability. One of these was the late Charles Rann Kennedy, who rendered the "Orations" of Demosthenes into English with more of their original life, power, and elegance than Parr himself could have achieved. He also had a great deal of undeveloped poetry in him, as the few specimens he published in his latter days clearly prove. Another son is the celebrated author of the "Latin Primer," and formerly Master of Shrewsbury Grammar School. Birmingham was the centre from which Irving radiated his excursions in different directions—visiting places and scenes which he reproduced in his "Sketch-book." His "Bracebridge Hall" had its original in Aston Hall, which now, with a considerable slice of its ancient park, belongs to the people of Birmingham as a place of recreation. The two old county families of Holt and Bracebridge blended their heraldry in this fine old mansion, and it doubtless supplied to the author the bases and suggestion of his sketch of the baronial establishment which he rendered so famous.

After a protracted and desperate struggle to save their Liverpool house, the brothers were compelled to succumb to bankruptcy. When Washington had rallied from the long mental prostration that followed that painful ordeal, he resolved to give himself to a literary life against every inducement and temptation to divert him from it, or to divide his time and thoughts with other occupations. And there was a great pressure put upon him to thwart this set purpose of his soul. His brother and several influential friends were endeavouring to obtain for him a government post at Washington, and would have succeeded but for his resolute determination against such a life. His commercial life in Liverpool was too fresh and painful, the mental obscuration from which he had just emerged, after such a long period of darkness, was too depressing, to allow him to think again of exposing himself even to the routine duties of an office which should exclude him from the field of literature which he was now re-entering with new hope and ambition. About the middle of August, 1818, he went up to London, determined to cast his all of earthly fortune upon the hazard of his pen. He carried with him several unfinished sketches, or the skeletons of sketches, which he had made at Birmingham. He immediately attached himself to two young American artists, Leslie, and Stuart Newton, who had preceded him to London with the same inspiration of hope and enthusiasm to make their way to a great reputation. If they did not all literally live under one roof, and sit daily at the same table, they were together almost as frequently and as long as if they occupied the same lodgings. It is quite probable that he took the name of Geoffry Crayon as his *nom de plume* from watching the two young artists at their work. Perhaps the very idea of a volume of detached sketches was suggested by the detached landscapes and portraits which made up the unwritten literature of their canvas. Certainly his pen rivalled their pencils in the vivid portraiture of nature's sceneries, human characters, and scenes of domestic life. Still it is a circumstance worthy of note, that while they felt that London was an open, ready, and liberal market for the productions of their genius, without bar or let of prejudice on account of their nationality, Mr. Irving seemed to think there would be no appreciation or opening on the part of the English public for the sketches he was writing. Many had read and admired his "Knickerbocker's History of New York," and his reputation as a writer had come to be pretty well known in England, although it was a more common and appropriate question at that time than now, "Who reads an American book?" It was rather singular that he should conceive that the contents of his sketches could only interest American readers. But this idea, and the fear that they would not stand the severe criticism of English reviewers, deterred him from seeking an English publisher for them. It was not, therefore, until he heard that a London bookseller was about to have the three separate numbers printed in one volume, that he resolved to anticipate him, and to bring out the collection under his own revision and authority. He accordingly took the numbers already printed in America to that "Prince of Printers," as he called Mr. John Murray, and left them with him for examination, informing him that if he should be inclined to bring them out, he had materials on hand for a second volume. After considerable delay, he received a courteous reply from the eminent publisher, declining the proposition. The reading public, both in England and America, know well the tenure of his reputation as a writer from that point of his experience to the consummation of his literary career.

Like hundreds of earnest young aspirants to name and fame in science and literature, who have gone up to London almost penniless to try their fortunes, Washington Irving there entered the list of climbers and competitors with no other capital than his genius and will to make his mark in the world. In the days of sailing vessels and hand-presses, a wide interval had to be endured with patient waiting before he could realise any return from No. 1 of his "Sketches" printed in America. His artist friends were in a similar condition, and they were obliged to practise the sharpest economy to support themselves in London during the first months of their experience. Mr. Van Wart once dined with them at their common table, and describes with much gusto the pleasant and humorous face that Irving put upon their frugal living. When the servant entered, he affected the airs of an epicure, or drew in anticipation upon the luxuries of "a good time coming" but as yet a considerable way off. "Bridget," he said, "bring us the venison pâtes for the first course." "Venison pâtes! sure your honor, there's none of that same," replied the girl with astonishment. "Well, then, we will have the turkey." The servant's mouth and eyes opened still wider with amazement. "Then if there is no turkey, let us have the roast goose," said Irving, with a twinkle of fun in his eyes that seemed to enlighten Bridget as to the joke, as she went out laughing and brought in a good slice of beef-steak and a dish of potatoes, which made up their dinner.

As the boy is the father of the man, at least in certain leading traits and disposition of character, I tried to elicit from Mr. Van Wart a few incidents of their boyhood, which would illustrate some of these traits in Irving. He shook his head at this request, and declined to go into the larkish rogueries of their early days on the Hudson, though they were as fresh in his memory as the doings of yesterday. "Boys will be boys," he said, "and all boys are alike in matters of fun and frolic." Still, from a few anecdotes he gave me, it is quite clear that Irving's humour as a boy never ran into malevolent mischief, but was as genial and good-natured in the roguery of his fun, as it was in Diedrich Knickerbocker's description of New York Dutchmen. One of their larks would supply a unique and salient incident for a painter. One Indian summer evening, when the moon was rising up in all the ruddy glory of that peculiar season, Irving proposed to Van Wart and another friend to walk all night and not "come home till morning." The challenge was immediately accepted, and the three set off ready for anything that might turn up in the way of fun. After walking an hour they met a sturdy negro, a well-known character in the neighbourhood, and enlisted him as a kind of cats-paw for procuring them sport. In this character, he did not exactly pull out his mistress's chesnuts from the fire for them, but he purloined a stocking-full of them which she had hung up against the chimney to dry for her winter's stock. Having eaten them, they naturally became very thirsty, and asked Dick if there was no cider he could get for them. "O, yes, massa, plenty ob it," said he, and took them to a cider mill by the roadside a little further on. It was situated on a rising ground a little way back from the road, and was surrounded with barrels all filled for the market. The usual way of getting at the cider was to wrench out the bung and suck the sweet beverage through a straw. But Dick, willing to show his strength as well as good nature, forced out the bung from a barrel holding thirty-one gallons, and lifting it upon his knees, tipped it over a little so that they could drink from the bung-hole as from the lips of a quart pitcher. But while the last was swigging away, a light suddenly appeared in the farmer's house, and a window opened that looked out upon the mill. Instantly the three friends darted down the road; while Dick dropped the barrel and ran after them. But the barrel, like an accusing conscience, pursued them down the incline with that peculiar explosive, throbbing gurgle which such a mass of liquor makes when escaping from a bung-hole, and which boys think cries "good! good!" A painter could easily catch the picturesque and unique in this adventure; especially Dick's consternation when running away with the vociferating barrel at his heels. Forty years after this evening's walk Mr. Van Wart visited Mr. Irving at Irvingtown, and at his suggestion they drove up Sleepy Hollow, and visited the same cider-mill and compared the notes of their memories in that night's incidents.

I have thus confined these notices of Washington Irving's life to incidents connected with what he fondly called his "English home"—the house in Birmingham now enclosed in Wiley's Gold Pen Factory-buildings. It was his rest and retreat in his darkest days of despondency. Here his spirits rallied from a depression that for a while seemed to paralyse his intellect and genius. Here he commenced those sketches which gave him the best reputation among writers that he ever attained. Here he corresponded with Sir Walter Scott, Campbell, and other eminent authors known to fame. Such is the birthplace of Rip Van Winkle, and a house which the people of Birmingham may well put among the choice places which they delight to honour with protecting care.

ART IN INDUSTRY.

"Stimulate an energetic spontaneity in individuals towards the beautiful and the useful," the French Emperor said to his subject-exhibitors on their return home from the Great Exhibition of 1862; and leaders among them drew up the constitution of the Central Union of the Applied Arts. This Central Union is an independent associatien of artists and art manufacturers; and it owes its birth, not only to the encouragement given by the Emperor; but also to the grave facts which the Count de Laborde comprehended in his report to the French Government on the Exhibition of 1851. The year 1851 taught the French to be busy over the defence of their laurels as art-manufacturers. Count de Labord warned his countrymen that, jealous of the art-fame of France, England and other European nations were imitating her popular drawing schools, and other means of raising generations of scholarly and tasteful workmen and designers. In the interval between the Great Exhibitions of 1851 and 1855 the applied arts progressed extraordinarily in England and Germany; and the French, surveying the Palais de l'Industrie, saw that the distance between them and their competitors had been lessened. Two years after the original International Exhibition, the French jurymen sent to London declared that France was in danger of being surpassed by the English in the field which had been once exclusively hers.

The Union of the Applied Arts, then, may be fairly regarded as an independent association of leading French art-manufacturers, who have been stimulated to extraordinary activity by the recent art energy of England, and particularly by the splendid presences made by the Mintons, the Elkingtons, the Copelands, our glass and hardware manufacturers, and the busy airs of the South Kensington Museum in 1862 and 1867. So regarded, it is specially interesting to us, who are to be affected by its success; to be kept, in short, at that distance behind French art-manufacturers which we occupied before the Exhibition of 1867.

The promoters of the Union have stood well to their original place; and if they have not developed it yet to the extent which they contemplated two years ago, they have only paused for a surer spring. Waiting for a favourable opportunity for the foundation of their college (to which I drew the attention of the English art-public in 1867), they have steadily carried forward their design of bringing together the elements of an art-manufacturers' museum in the *Marais*, and of encouraging their *confréres* to produce serious works for the occasional exhibitions. France, as I before observed, has been long since provided with free elementary art-schools, which have constantly developed generations of art-workmen, and occasionally produced great artists. The highest teaching in art is within the reach of the poorest citizen who discovers genius. The walls of the Palais de l'Industrie are covered with the drawings of the free schools; but, until this Union was devised and set in motion, a link was wanting in the chain, according to the orderly minds of our neighbours and rivals. The Museum of Art applied to Industry must complete the Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers, and there must be courses of special instruction of the arts applicable to various trades. As proof of the desirability of the Union, the Jeanselmes, the Fourdriniers, the Derolles, and the Christofles pointed to South Kensington, and besought their co-manufacturers to see whether it would not be possible to raise a grand institution in France, in complete independence of the Government, as hinted at by the Emperor. "Let us cultivate the beautiful," they said, "in conjunction with the useful, without a cocked hat at our garden gates."

The Union which is now flourishing, and doing its best to put the old distance between the French art-manufacturers and the English (in which endeavour we shall take the very best care, I trust, it shall never have the shadow of a success), is thus an independent association of leading Frenchmen, who are not beholden to the Imperial government for aught save permission to establish their head-quarters in the ancient and deserted Place Royale. The association possesses the foundations of a retrospective and contemporary museum, and a library of books on ancient and modern art, where the student and the workman may consult authorities, and have the help of cultivated attendants. Courses of lectures and lessons, and general and special exhibitions of the applied arts, complete the means of the association for attaining its ends. The association has entered upon its mission of national competition with generosity; for correspondence is to be held with foreign centres of art-industry, and the exchange of models, &c., is tc be invited —an international courtesy which, if I remember correctly, Sir Henry Cole proposed in 1867 to the possessors of reproducible art treasures of all nations. The founders and their friends found the money necessary for the enterprise, and the reward for the subscriber of 100 francs or upwards was the inscription of his name upon the bronze tables of the association as a "*co-fondateur*." In forming this association the original executive committee applied for patrons in a direction which would not have been adopted by an English committee in search of distinguished headings to a prospectus. M. Gérôme was asked to accept the title of *Conservateur* of the Union Museum. The patrons are Barye, the famous sculptor to whom the bronze-workers of France are so deeply indebted; Guillaume, sculptor; Albert Jacquemart, Michel Chevalier, and a senator or two—acceptable on account of other functions in harmony with the objects of the Union. We should have dressed our prospectus with a few peers, and thrown some distinguished artists in as utilities; and in this very difference there is a certain indication that the art-sense has not yet penetrated the mass of the British public.

Passing from the list of patrons to that of working committees, we find an eminent architectural decorator, M. E. Guichard, president of the Union; and Chocqueel, carpet manufacturer; Falize, senior, jeweller; Eneste, junior, hardware manufacturer; Hermann, engineer; Lefébvre, lace manufacturer (whose establishment I shall commend to your notice some day); Mazaroz-Ribalier, artist-cabinet-maker; Marieuvral, artificial flower-maker; Mourez, carver and gilder; Rouseau, porcelain manufacturer; Turquetil, paper stainer; Veyrat, goldsmith; and Renard, senior, builder—the directing minds gathered around him.

It is because I have held close relations with these leaders of the Union from its foundation that I am anxious to make known the good they have effected as an independent body in reviving the art-energies of their countrymen; and to commend the still more important work they are preparing for the elevation of art-manufactures among all the nations that may choose to join the noble institution, on the details of which years of anxious consultation have been already spent. This institution is to be called "The International College of the Applied Arts (*Le College Internationale des Beaux Arts Appliques à L'Industrie.)*

I will describe its proportions and various organizations in my next.

BLANCHARD JERROLD.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* has received by the Borneo, in advance of the regular mail, a communication from its correspondent at the Cape respecting the charge against Bishop Twells, which it is needless to say is exciting the most painful interest throughout the South African colonies. Bishop Gray has, the correspondent states, received a telegram from Natal on the subject, the purport of which is so serious that we withhold it for further confirmation. Some violent popular demonstrations against the bishop have taken place. Advices from the Cape, per mail steamer *Northam*, state that Bishop Twells's resignation had been placed in the hands of the Bishop of Capetown, as Metropolitan.

MESSRS. ALLCOCK'S FISHING TACKLE FACTORY, REDDITCH.

Redditch, world-famous for its needles, is equally celebrated for the excellence of its fish-hooks and fishing-tackle, in the making of which Messrs. Samuel Allcock and Co. stand unrivalled. Theirs is, in fact, the largest house in the fishing tackle trade in the whole world—a circumstance to which Mr. Samuel Allcock, whose resolute energy has made the firm what it is, points with justifiable and reasonable pride. Thirty years ago this firm employed about a dozen hands; now they have upwards of 150 on their books, their premises have been necessarily extended, and they have found it desirable to have a branch establishment (Allcock, Laight, and Co.) at Toronto, Canada West. The manufacture was originally begun by Mr. Samuel Allcock's father —a hale veteran of ninety-five years—who was also one of the earliest needlemakers in Redditch; but the present head of the firm has had the management and sole control of the works for twenty-two years. Of the history of fish-hook-making in Redditch comparatively little is known. The trade, so far as we have been able to learn, seems to have been first followed not at but near Redditch by a Mr. Tolly, the date of whose enterprise is not very clear. At the little village of Sambourne, three miles from the Needle Town, Mr. Tolly set up his sign as a maker of hooks, and there he taught the grandfather of one of the largest and most respected of Redditch manufacturers of to-day—Mr. R. Hemming. About ninety years ago, the Mr. Richard Hemming referred to as having been initiated in the manufactured by Tolly, commenced business at Redditch. So the trade spread, Mr. Allcock, sen., being amongst the first to embark in it. Now the trade gives employment to about 600 persons in Redditch alone, and something like four million hooks are sent out every week to all parts of the globe.

The first process in the manufacture of fish-hooks, as we lately witnessed it at the Messrs. Allcock's, is very similar to that in needle-making, viz., the cutting-up of the steel wire into the required lengths. The wire intended to be made into hooks is next "bearded," notched, the untechnical would term it; then filed, and sharpened to a fine point, during which processes Mr. Allcock detailed to us the difference between foreign and English fish-hooks, which is that the latter are notched and the former flatted at the end; for fly making they are tapered, to give them a neater appearance than their rivals possess. The hooks have now to be shaped and bent. They are curved, as we should untechnically call it—"bent," as the manufacturers would say—by women, on a "bend," a very simple process, consisting of crooking the wire over a piece of wood. To harden and anneal the steel, hooks go through a similar process to needles: they are hardened in the fire, and tempered in sand in a pan which has a fire under it. The small hooks are put into bags containing oil and emery, and shaken by hand. After they have been scoured they are well washed in soapsuds, by which means the oil is removed from them. Next the hooks are put into sawdust for the purpose of being dried, and subsequently we find them in clean bags polished as bright as new coins. After being blued, the hooks are once more washed and again dried with sawdust to prevent their rusting, and then finally dried in that material. We fear it is divulging a trade secret when we say that perfectly dry sawdust is indispensable. Certain sorts of hooks are now ready for papering and packing, done, we need hardly say, by girls, whose duties include the individual counting of every hook. The variety of fish-hooks is something astonishing. There are made at the Standard Works fifty-three different sorts of hooks, and many of the sorts have from twenty to thirty sizes! The "loose hooks" include the sorts known as common and best ringed Kirby, flatted and ringed hollow Limerick, hollow pointed Dublin Limerick, treble-brazed, single and double trimmers, eel and sneek hooks, Kendal Kirby-bent, short-shank Kendal, Carlisle round, Norway hooks, black fish hooks, Kirby and round bent Sea, Exeter Sea, blue and tinned, &c. Of these the most popular are the Limerick, Sneek, the Hollow-points, the Kirby, Carlisle, and Kendal hooks.

Quite as important as the manufacture of hooks is the fishing-rod department, where every description of rod is made—from the lowly two-jointed "hazel" at three shillings a dozen, to the aristocratic salmon rod for which you pay three sovereigns. There is a rare sight for the youthful angling mind at Messrs. Allcock's factory, where you may wander amongst a forest of rods and make your choice if you have the wherewithal to purchase. How rare old Izaak would have stared could he have witnessed such a collection! The author of "The Complete Angler," the killer of trout and jack and perch, and every other member of the finny tribe, used a home-made rod for angling purposes, and was the most successful fisherman of his day. What he would have done with all the aids now at the fisherman's command it would be difficult to say. The best rods are variously made of bamboo, hickory, and East India cane, with ash for the bottom joints. Hickory is used for the second and middle joints of the best rods, with tops of lance-wood and bamboo. There are fly-rods made of all hickory—others for spinning, of cane, which is imported from South Carolina and from the East Indies. After leaving the saw-mill the wood is turned into joints, the butts of which are then bored to contain spare joints, and then planed ready for the fitting-on of the brass ferules, the best of which are hand-brazed to give them great strength. Certain of the rods—those for use in Irish waters especially—are screwed together, not merely placed in the sockets. That beautiful appearance which fishing-rods present is obtained by staining the wood with aquafortis and nut-galls. The stain is burned in immediately after it is put on; the rods are then rubbed with sand paper, and highly polished—a dozen coats of varnish being not at all unusual. The waxed silk which binds the tops of the joints, and the rings through which the line runs, are put on by hand, and the rods undergo another varnishing as far as the rings are concerned. Who has not, at all events in his boyhood's days, watched with feverish anxiety and impatience that bright red and blue piece of cork bobbing up and down in the water after a shower, when "rises" are plentiful as blackberries, and you can catch your fish as fast as you can unhook them? He may have fashioned the float himself out of a champagne cork, when his requirements were many and his funds few, or have used that abortion a quill float; but he has never seen the gorgeous blue and yellow and red floats made. Our young angler is possibly aware, if he be not crassly ignorant, that cork, whether it be used for fishing-floats, life-belts, or to restrain the effervescing and innocuous ginger-beer, is imported from Spain, where the best sorts grow. For his special edification Walton minor may be informed that the cork, which has come to us all the way from Spain—maybe in the same ship that brings us the famous chesnuts—having been cut with a hand-knife, is pierced with hot wire, and then is ready to be turned by a machine to any size or shape required. They are put on a grindstone to have the knife marks taken out, and then painted and varnished by children, who probably dream of the results of their handiwork, and are haunted by visions of huge perch, tench, dace, roach, and gudgeon wriggling on Redditch hooks and betraying their capture by tugging Redditch floats under the water. Open your ears, O ye anglers of every degree, to hear that before you get your gaudy float it has gone through twenty-one pairs of hands! Yet the dealer in tackle may purchase a gross for fifteen shillings! So simple an article as a float is not made without wood, cork, wire, putty, silk (for binding one end), quill, paint, and varnish. The reels are all cast, and require no description: the swivels used in trout and pike fishing are stamped like needles one by one, filed and drilled, and finished in the same way as the hooks. Leads for sinking hooks and nets are made on the spot in moulds; the small shot used for general lines are split by a splitting machine. Young Rusticus bites his leads through and through with his teeth, to the great detriment of his molars; at Redditch they put the shot into a trough, containing one hole, and let it drop on to a circular knife turned by machinery. Besides the tackle which has been mentioned, they make lines at the Standard Works—hair lines being spun, without any knot, in one length; and the better lines plaited at a machine by girls. Like the corks, all the "gut" used is imported from Spain, looped, and tied on with wax thread. "Fly"-making—one of the most important features of the manufacture—deserves more space than we can afford it. The hooks are first tied on to the gut; then the body of the fly is made; the hackle is next put on, and then the wings—girls, whose aptitude is great and their artistic powers not inappreciable, having sole sway in the fly-making department. Of course there is a great demand for the material wherewith to make the much-sought-after flies. Some of the feathers used at Redditch for this purpose come from America, others from Germany; but our own feathered songsters are laid under heavy contribution. Not so much the songsters, though, as we have said. More useful to the artificial fly-maker than the vocal portion of their tribe are jays, starlings, woodcocks, and golden pheasants; but despite this we shall gladly hail the day when fisherman's flies are constructed of something else, of anything rather than the wings of harmless birds. The salmon and trout fly-hooks which we saw in course of construction at Redditch were beautiful specimens of the art, as were the various bait, which we cannot pretend to particularise from their number, in view of the necessity of bringing this sketch to a close. There is a warehouse 65 feet by 18 feet, full of patterns for home and foreign markets, and the whole establishment bears marks of the great care bestowed upon it by the energetic gentleman (Mr. Samuel Allcock) now at the head of the firm.

The Illustrations of the Redditch Manufactory, which appear in this week's Number, comprise an exterior view and an interior drawing showing the *employés* of one of the smallest, but most interesting, departments at work.

Messrs. Allcock and Co. have been successful in several Exhibitions, although they appear, in common with many other English manufacturers, to regard these "honours" with little satisfaction, chiefly on account of the invidious character of the awards. At the International Exhibition of 1862 they had honourable mention for needles; and they received diplomas at the Toronto Exhibition, the Bergen Exhibition, 1865, and the Exhibition at Tornio (Italy) in 1868.

FROM THE "SHIP" TO THE "DORÉE."

[*With an original Sketch by Gustave Doré.*]

Madame du Beau-Dent persisted, as we sat on the 10th of this August at the Ship, Greenwich, that, "after all," the beloved gudgeon eaten by the banks of the Seine, under greenery near the Sévres bridge one summer evening, was better than the over-vaunted whitebait, whether simple, or devilled, or double-devilled. I would have it observed that in most earthly matters I am the obedient servant of Madame: that it is my reverent custom to keep my eyes bent upon her little kid boots: that I seldom venture to raise my sight to her eyes: and that, in short, my normal condition in relation to her is that of a sweet slavery. But when we were at table, and her *cordon bleu* remains for judgment: I pretend to be king and emperor. My knife and fork are ball and sceptre. My skull-cap is my crown. My daily *menu* is my speech from the throne.

Therefore when on the 10th of this August just past Madame du Beau-Dent, tapping me with the point of her fan, observed that "after all" the whitebait did not equal the crisp gudgeon smothered in parsley which is the day-dream of the retired *bourgeois*, by the banks of the Seine, I confessed that I turned somewhat sharply about, and took leave to say:

"Madam, the whitebait is infinitely delicate, whereas the best *friture* from the Seine has a cloying taste. You cannot return to it. The seduction of it lies in the crisp sweetness and fragrance of the parsley. The gudgeon, *per se*, is worthy of the little wine with which it is consumed. It is a dish I like at times, when a long walk has given me high spirits and a sharp appetite. The appetite *must* be keen for a *friture*, and you need none for whitebait! This is unanswerable."

"But surely all these varieties of fish before your whitebait, Monsieur Fin-Bec, are so many mistakes. We began with flounders, *souchée* and fried; we adjourned to eels, *tartare* and fried; we moved forward to salmon *à l' Indienne;* we had trout *remoulade*, or what they call *remoulade;* we have had an interview with skate and black butter; we—"

"Spare me, madame," I cried, "another instance and my knife will lie as idle as the conqueror's sword I showed you by the hero's coat not an hour ago. "In this observation you are right. The palate cannot taste whitebait after tartare, Indian pickles, *remoulade*, and the rest of the inartistic jumble. My friend Gouffé and I had a long talk, you will remember, on the subject of many dishes; and he is of my opinion. Our *mets* should be few. I take a Greenwich *menu*—say one eaten by ministers, which lies before me. It is the most barbarous composition, regarded from an epicurean point of view, it has been my lot to read for many a day."

"The Ministers' dinner, and barbarous, my dear Monsieur Fin-Bec!" cried the lady, pausing over a dainty bit of duck; "if they don't know how to eat, how *can* they be fit to govern a country like this? Now nearly all *our* great statesmen have been *redoubtables fouichettes.* I wouldn't trust the minister—if *I* were queen—who couldn't order a dinner." Madame du Beau-Dent would have given rein to her wit and imagination (she had both, sunnily disposed, after the fashion of her laughing Gascony) had I not deemed it a wise exercise of my prerogative to raise my little finger—the sign that it pleased me to continue.

"Yea, Madame, barbarous. You shall judge. They began by running the changes on turtle: the clear, the fat, the everything. Imagine this as the opening of a banquet of many dishes. From the feed of turtle they proceeded thus: souchée carrelets and saumon; trout in the Knowsley manner, in compliment to Lord Derby, their Prime Minister, and mullet *à la* Stanley; the eels were *à la* Fitzhardinge, the crevettes were curried. Do, pray, Madame, bear this hodge-podge—this cockney olla podrida—in mind. Croquettes, crême de poisson, fried soles; and then the whitebait! Try back, and think of the things — cloying, cutting, paralysing to the palate—which preceded the poor little delicate whitebait! Eat an onion, then try a pear; a glass of gin, then a sip of canary! Ugh! But we are only half way through the clumsy gluttony. The whitebait disposed of, a suprême de volaille, with truffles (as well might they have been eaten in peace by their porcine hunters under their native oak) and quails, a salmi à la Mazarin, ushered in by—guess, Madame—a haunch of venison!"

"Monsieur Fin-Bec is pleased to make merry. It is impossible."

With a profound bow (the enjoyment of a good dinner is inseparable from studied politeness towards the lady who does you the honour of sharing it) I handed the *menu* to Madame du Beau-Dent. Her little mouth pouted a "*Mon Dieu!*" so softly, I could hear. But to my subject. Capons and ducklings accompanied the haunch, with Montanchet ham, *braisé au vin de Bordeaux* (an admirable dish when the palate is clean and the stomach well disposed) and leverets, ducklings, capons, and Coqs de Bruyère bringing up the rear."

At this point, I think Madame whispered under her breath, "Pigs!"

It was not in this way we ate whitebait together—albeit, our dinner was clumsily abundant, and distressing in its consequences. A duckling after the fish, a little fruit, and we had done. But how were the people served about us? They were, as the Americans phrase it, "crowded" with fish, and then left in the melancholy contemplation of a Cheshire cheese, and lettuces *au naturel.* In the room there was no ornament. It was midsummer, and there was not a flower, nor a basket of fruit.

The service of the table would not have been tolerated at the Thousand Columns of the Palais Royal. The waiters had the air, expression, and movements of undertakers' men. They shovelled the whitebait upon your plate, not with the engaging cheerfulness and grace of one of Bignon's waiters, but with a "Take that!" gesture.

The depressing surroundings, I am much inclined to think, led Madame du Beau-Dent to offer the observations which led me to the comparisons I have ventured to submit to the English reader. Madame, who has eaten for some years under my direction, is not prone to mistakes in gastronomy.

We crossed the Channel on the morrow of our Greenwich dinner. Pray observe the pictorial which an illustrious friend of mine (to his own surprise he is a valiant sailor, who has little cause to envy the playful porpoises) made *en route.* I decline to say who among those passengers is the reader's humble servant; and Madame's secret friend in the same way is safe in any bosom. On the morrow of our arrival I waited on Madame to beg that she would at once redeem the promise and accompany me to Bonvalet's where I had ordered a little *menu* that should enable her to taste his *friture* under the most advantageous circumstances. I prefaced the *goujons frites* with just a *consommé aux lazagnes*: cool butter and rosebuds of radishes for *hors d' œuvres.* The *friture* was a careful one. Madame attacked it with due solemnity—I insisted with a sound *Bordeaux.*

"Madame," I observed, "I give your *friture* every possible advantage over our whitebait. A charming table, excellent service, a sound wine, light air—and life frolicsome all around. I propose to you after this, a little *langue de bœuf* with tomato sauce, leveret, a *macedoine* of vegetables—and, at your pleasure, a *parfait*, or say, peaches *à la Richelieu.*"

Madame du Beau-Dent ate her *friture* in silence; nor would she be led into an expression of opinion, albeit I rallied her on her mistake, and challenged her again and again to repeat to me that "after all" the *friture* of the Seine was equal to a dish of whitebait at Greenwich or Blackwall.

We went to Musard's in the cool of the evening, and, during one of the softest passages of the eloquent music the Musard band discourses amid the lamps which swarm like fire-flies under the Champs Elysées trees, Madame tapped my knee gently with her fan, and, bending forward, said, in a sweet, low, humble voice—

"*Mon ami*, you are right."

I clasped her hand; she withdrew it, and hushed my enthusiasm authoritatively.

"*Mon ami*, you are right, but not another word on the subject."

FIN. BEC.

FUNERAL OF LADY PALMERSTON.

Amelia Mary, Viscountess Palmerston, was buried on Friday by the side of her illustrious husband in a grave in the north transept of Westminster Abbey. The ceremony was very private, not more than a hundred persons being present. Early in the week the remains had been removed from Brockett Hall to the town house in Park-lane, and on Friday, at 3 o'clock, they were conveyed to the Abbey. The funeral procession was of the plainest kind—a hearse and four mourning coaches constituting all of what may be called the private portion of it. Its length, however, was largely added to by a long train of private carriages; among others, those of the Turkish Ambassador, the Russian Ambassador, Baron Rothschild, Sir G. Shee, Sir George Bowyer, Mrs. Lane Fox, Sir Henry Bulwer, the Hon. F. Byng. In the first mourning-coach were the chief mourners—the Right Hon. W. Cooper, M.P., the Hon. C. S. Cowper, Earl Cowper, the Hon. H. Cowper; in the second coach were the Earl of Shaftesbury, Lord Ashley, the Hon. Evelyn Ashley, the Hon. Cecil Ashley; in the third coach were Viscount Sudeley, the Hon. E. Jocelyn, Viscount Jocelyn, Dr. Prothero Smith, Dr. Drage; and in the fourth coach were Mr. Enser and Mr. Newman, the groom of the chambers.

Before the arrival of the funeral procession at the north entrance of the Abbey, a rather startling incident occurred. A gentleman and lady entered the transept, and passing to their seats near the slightly-raised mound at the head of the open grave, the gentleman either tripped on the earth, or did not perceive the open space in the gloomy light. He lost his footing, and fell heavily into the open grave. He was at once, of course, extracted with, fortunately, no further injury than a severe shake and a cut in the head. The funeral procession arrived at the Abbey at 4 o'clock, and the body was conveyed to a bier in the north transept, the choristers chanting the solemn strains of "I am the resurrection and the life." The service was then performed by Lord John Thynne the sub-dean, assisted by the Ven. Archdeacon Jennings and the Rev. Canon Nepean. The coffin was afterwards removed to the side of the grave, round which the mourners assembled, the choristers standing on the east side chanting "Thou knowest," and "I heard a Voice from Heaven," to the music of Croft and Purcell, and the ceremony was brought to a close by the Benediction. At its conclusion those present passed slowly by the foot of the grave to take a last look at the crimson velvet coffin, which, beneath a viscountess's coronet, bore the simple inscription:—"Amelia Mary, Viscountess Palmerston, born April, 1787; died September 11, 1869." Thus was buried the sister of one Prime Minister, the wife of another, and one of the most distinguished and graceful ladies that ever adorned English society.

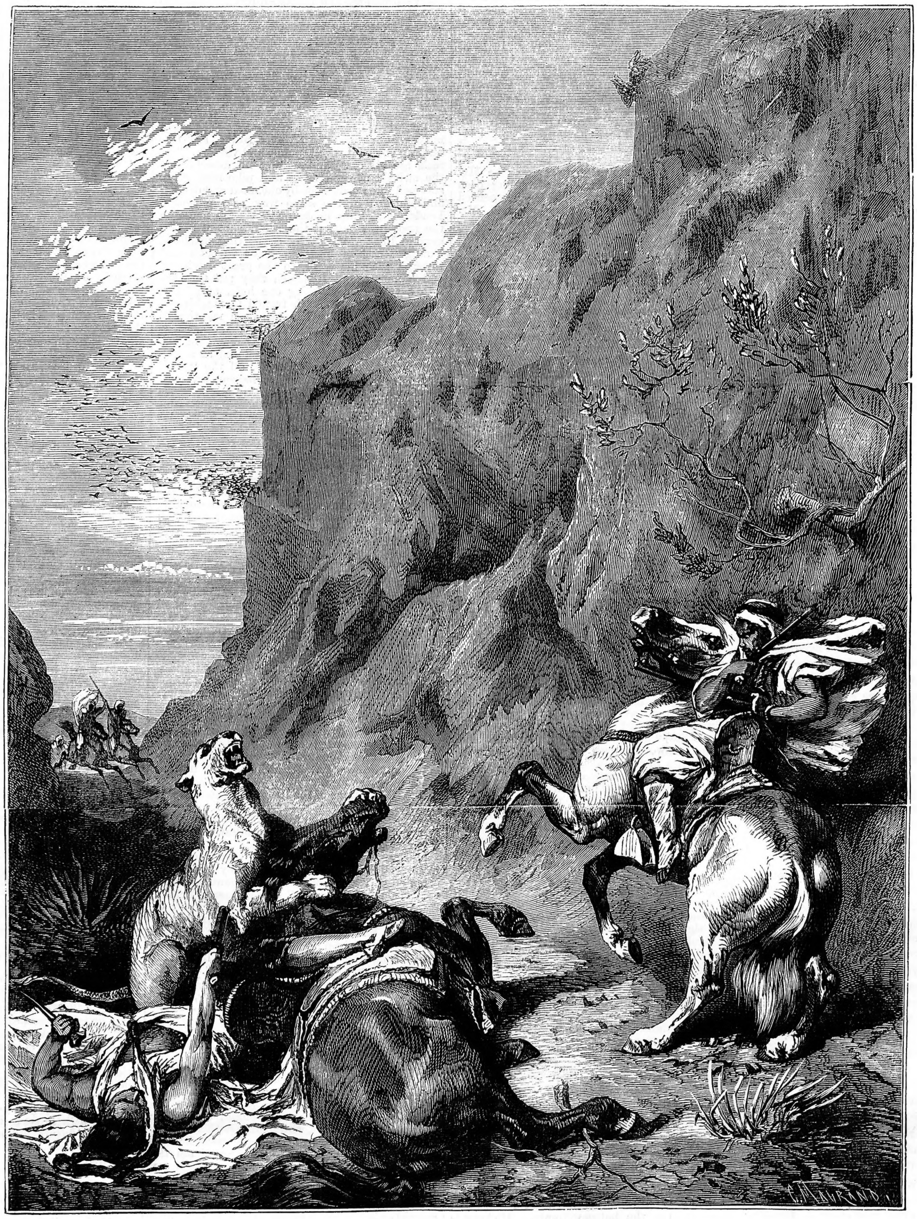
Count Beust has just left Vienna for from twelve to fourteen days' leave, during which period he is to have complete relaxation from his official duties.

Prince Arthur arrived at Quebec on the 15th inst., and was presented with a loyal address. The Prince, in response, declared his gratitude for the cordiality of the welcome given him, and particularly for the affectionate allusion which had been made to the Queen.

ARABS ATTACKED BY A LIONESS.

A pleasant position truly! The hunters, although in search of prey, have evidently been taken unawares. Their game has made game of them. The brute, after the fashion of an Irish Ribbonman, has been lying in ambush and made the fatal spring before the horseman had time to defend himself. The Arab has managed to get his carbine in hand and is in the act of discharging it. Without much effect, it seems, for the lioness still holds her head erect and is menacing the rider on the right, whose horse has become unmanageable.

The conflict will not last long; assistance is seen in the distance, and the lioness has every chance of being overpowered. The engraving is a spirited representation of an exciting scene, and is, moreover, an instance of how little paintings lose in interest when they are thus reproduced. The original picture, by Fromentin, a French artist, is remarkable for richness of colouring and general effect. Nevertheless, the story his canvas tells rather gains than otherwise when related in plain black and white. The subject is good and the grouping artistic—two intrinsic merits which never fail in making a favourable impression. Repudiating any wish to be thought classical, we cannot help recalling the anecdote told by Lucian of Zeuxis, who is said to have taken offence at his painting of the Centaurs being praised for these excellencies, while colouring, light and shade, and other higher attributes, in his opinion, were overlooked. The popularity of modern engravings would probably have disgusted the ancient Greek.



ARABS ATTACKED BY A LIONESS.

Sir Roderick Murchison will shortly be presented with the freedom of the burgh of Inverness.

THE GALE.

The hurricane which blew last week was felt nowhere more severely than in the Bristol Channel and the places on that coast. At Weston-super-Mare the gale was more furious than had ever been known,. The *Weston Mercury*, describing the scene, says the sea was lashed into a mass of foam, and presented such a sight as had never previously been witnessed in Weston. The wind howled in the chimneys, and the vibration of the chamber in which rest was sought was most perceptible. On Friday evening a vessel was observed to be in distress in the bay, but in consequence of the high wind then blowing no assistance could be rendered to her. After beating about for some time, the crew managed to get her to the leeward of the Down, and eventually to the mouth of the river, where, however, she was soon swamped and went down, the crew barely escaping with their lives. The vessel has since been ascertained to be the Fanny Kemble, from Bristol to Bridgwater, laden with salt. By the force of a strong tide the hull has since been taken out to sea a considerable distance. Early on Sunday morning the Abundance, Smart, master, was swamped in a similar manner off Knightstone, and went down with a cargo of coals. The crew escaped, but the vessel is doomed to destruction. Several of the small boats moored in the bay either broke their moorings and were driven ashore, or were swamped by the heavy sea and sunk, but the damage they sustained is but trifling, as the boats were recoverable at low water, little the worse for their immersion. A report was current in the town on Saturday to the effect that a large steamship had gone down, below the Holmes, with all hands. Such a report would naturally cause no slight amount of excitement, and, as a matter of course, it did not lose any material point by being re-told. It was stated that some persons on the Flat Holmes, on Friday evening, saw a large steamship, apparently of American build, leave the roads whilst a heavy sea was running, and with a high wind. On the following morning, the masts and funnel only of a steamer were visible some short distance down the Channel, which naturally led those who had seen a steamer depart on the previous evening to infer that she had struck on the sandbanks and sunk, more especially as a large quantity of wreck—apparently the hatchways and fittings of a large vessel—were to be seen floating about in all directions. This report is now confirmed, as the steamer in question has since been ascertained to be the Golden Fleece, which foundered off Sully Island, about five miles down Channel from Cardiff, and within sight of those who live on the Holmes. When the leak was discovered strenuous efforts were made to stop it, but the ship rapidly began to fill. The anchor was then unslipped, and an attempt was made to run her on shore. This was found to be impracticable, inasmuch as she had become waterlogged. Distress signals were fired, and in a short time afterwards a pilot boat hove in sight. The boats were then launched from the steamer, and by these means the crew transferred themselves to the pilot boat. In the transit, however, the cook's mate, an elderly man, fell overboard and was drowned. Happily this was the only life lost. The captain was the last to leave the steamer, and about three minutes after he had been taken on board the pilot boat he saw the vessel go down. She sank in about ten fathoms of water. Before she went down it was observed that she had split "athwart ships, and those on board the pilot boat were able to see 'clean through her.'" She broke up and foundered about twenty minutes past ten, so that within less than an hour and a half she was changed from an apparently sound and seaworthy ship into a hopeless wreck. None of the crew had time to save anything beyond the clothes which they were wearing at the time. The crew, all told, numbered forty-three men.

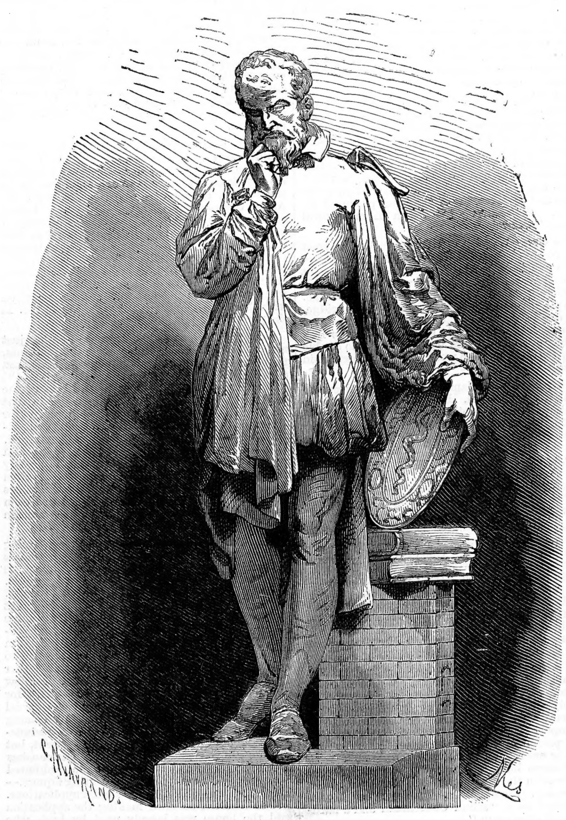
A very melancholy accident happened in the Severn. Mr. J. Dalton, agent to Mr. Payne, shipbuilder and steam-tug proprietor, and also proprietor of the Llandoger Inn, Bristol, had promised a gentleman, who slept at his house on Saturday night, that he would send a tug boat to Gloucester on Sunday evening or Monday morning, for the purpose of towing down a vessel from that port. On Sunday evening he found it impossible to get a captain to take the steamer out, and despite the violence of the gale and the earnest entreaties of his friends, who desired him not to venture out, he determined to take the command of the tug boat (the Forager) himself. The steamer is a small one, and there are few seamen in Bristol who would have ventured out with her in such a gale as that of Sunday night and Monday morning. It is said that Mr. Payne also tried to dissuade him from going, but having given his promise, he, as on other occasions, said he was determined, if possible, to keep it, and he accordingly started from Bristol, taking with him a mate and two men. As his friends had feared, the little steamer proved entirely unable to stand the fury of the gale, and when endeavouring to get up the Severn the vessel was soon overpowered by the storm. To all appearance the hurricane was likely to beat her to pieces. Mr. Dalton lost all hope of saving her or of ever reaching the shore in her, and, jumping into the sea was drowned. The crew, who remained on board, were saved, the boat drifting ashore at Hallen.

BERNARD PALISSY.

A statue, of which a drawing is here given, has been erected to Palissy, the Potter, as he is popularly called, in the town of Saintes in France. It is the work of M. Taluet, a French sculptor of considerable ability, and is a worthy monument to the memory of the great philosopher.

Bernard Palissy was born in 1509. His father was a glass worker. He quitted his native town, or rather hamlet, Chapelle Biron, and in 1538 settled at Saintes, where he married.

He passed a most varied and active life, at times writing philosophical essays which to this day are read with advantage and delight; painting on glass; land surveying, ostensibly his profession, and often devoting himself exclusively to improving the material of the potter's art. He was fifteen years discovering the white enamel for which the ware called after him became famous, and it is related how he ruined himself and family by the obstinacy of his researches, burning the very furniture of the house he occupied when in want of fuel for his furnaces. His perseverence was in the end most amply rewarded. His pottery became the fashion of the day, and his beautiful patterns were everywhere admired. A well-known writer on the subject says: "The general style of his ware is marked by quaintness and singularity; his figures are usually chaste in form, the ornament and subject of mythological, historical and allegorical character are in relief and coloured. The colours are usually bright and mostly confined to yellows, blues and greys, sometimes extending to green, violet and brown." At seventy years of age he was thrown into the Bastille, having stoutly espoused the Huguenot cause. Henry III., with whom he was a great favourite, endeavoured to induce him to abjure his faith, but Palissy was firm, and asked the king, "How he could expect a potter to bow down before images of clay?" He died in the Bastile after four years' imprisonment.



BERNARD PALISSY.

A LITERARY DUCHESS.

Public attention has been recently drawn, though not in a very complimentary manner, to the affairs of the present representative of the house of Newcastle. The inheritor of a splendid future, and a proud lineage, the nobleman whose name has been dragged through the mud of public reproach and obloquy is the descendant of that Margaret, Duchess of Newcastle, whose portrait we engrave.

The Duchess, who was born about 1620, was a paragon of womanly and wifely virtue. She was a Maid of Honour to Queen Henrietta Maria; but the gilded butterflies of the Court (then held at Oxford) had no attraction for her. If anything, she possessed a too keen sense of propriety; though that has not saved her from Horace Walpole's sneer that "Her Grace's literary labours have drawn down less applause than her domestic virtues." Before she was married, the Duchess had used her pen actively, and craved for fame with all the ardour of a young and inexperienced author. One of her better-known works, now very rare, was called "Nature's Pictures, drawn by Fancy's Pencil," an imperfect copy of which is in the British Museum. Amongst her other works were "Philosophical Fancies," Poems and Fancies," "The World's Olio," "The Life of William Duke of Newcastle," as well as some plays. The young men of the day were loud in their praises of the Duchess's beauty. She was "The Incomparable Princess;" or "Margaret, the First Princess of Philosophers;" and one admirer—a Fellow of King's College, by the way—put her on an equality with the Blessed Virgin herself! Both the Duchess and her husband (himself an author, and a better soldier,) lie side by side in Westminster Abbey.

The Tinker.—*See the Sketch by G. Bowers.*—Formerly the tinker was an important personage amongst the itinerant wanderers of the earth. In modern days he has degenerated into a mere hawker of pots and pans; but he is still an interesting character on Midland highways. The practice from which the name of tinker arose has long since been disused. Formerly he used to give warning of his coming by making a tinkling noise on an old brass kettle.

DEATH OF THE BISHOP OF EXETER.

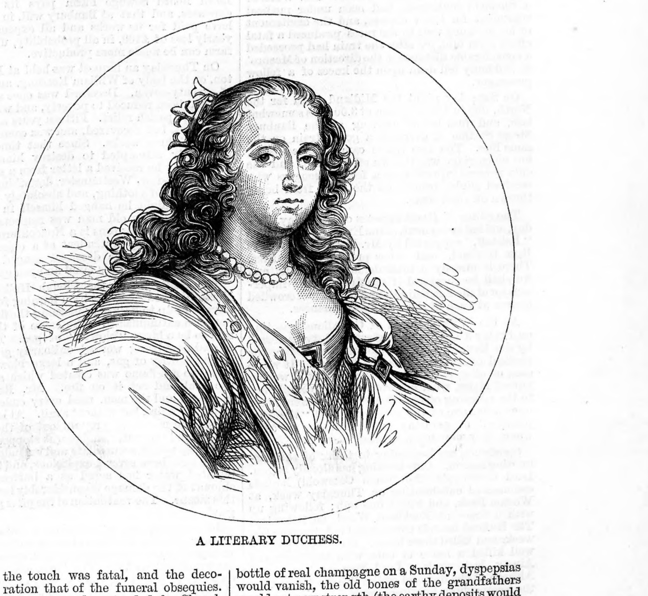
After an illness of some duration, the Bishop of Exeter died on Saturday afternoon, at his residence at Bishopstowe. The deceased prelate had only just resigned his see under the Bishops' Regulation Act of last session.

Henry Phillpotts, born May 6, 1778, at Bridgwater, in Somersetshire, was the second son of John Phillpotts, who carried on the trade of a brickmaker in that town. In 1782, the father of the future Bishop removed to Gloucester, to become landlord of the Bell Inn—a tavern of no great pretension, in which the celebrated preacher George Whitfield was born in 1714. From the College School at Gloucester Henry Phillpotts passed to Corpus Christi College, Oxford, where he matriculated on the 7th of November, 1791; his age being then but thirteen years and a half. In 1795 he took his B.A. degree, gained the Chancellor's prize for an essay on "The Influence of a Religious Principle," and was elected a Fellow of Magdalen College. His subsequent degrees, up to that of D.D., in 1821, followed in due time. He was ordained deacon in 1803, priest in 1804, and in the autumn of the latter year he resigned his fellowship on his marriage with Miss Surtees, Lady Eldon's niece. From that auspicious date preferment flowed in abundantly. He began his pastoral career with two livings collectively worth £600 a-year. One living was in the diocese of Durham; the second he exchanged for Bishop Middleton in the same diocese. Referring to his literary work, the *Times* says he had given pledges to fortune in an enormous progeny of pamphlets and every outward form of controversy, occupying, it is stated, nearly thirty pages of the Catalogue at the British Museum. He wrote upon many subjects, and whatever he touched he adorned; but the touch was fatal, and the decoration that of the funeral obsequies. He wrote and contended for Church and State, for the High Church sense of our formularies and Articles, for the danger of tolerating Romish error, for the possibility of framing safe securities, for the exclusive right of the Church of England to the education of her children, for the unpopular side of every question that has latterly divided the British people. Upon everything that he ever wrote of a political or polemic character it might probably be now inscribed that it was written to no purpose. The judgment of mankind, or simply the course of events, went the other way. The fireworks were disharged, or the monster ordnance fired, and the foe heeded them not. We havedone, or are doing, or are about to do, everything that Henry of Exeter said ought not to be done on any account, as we would stand the consequences.

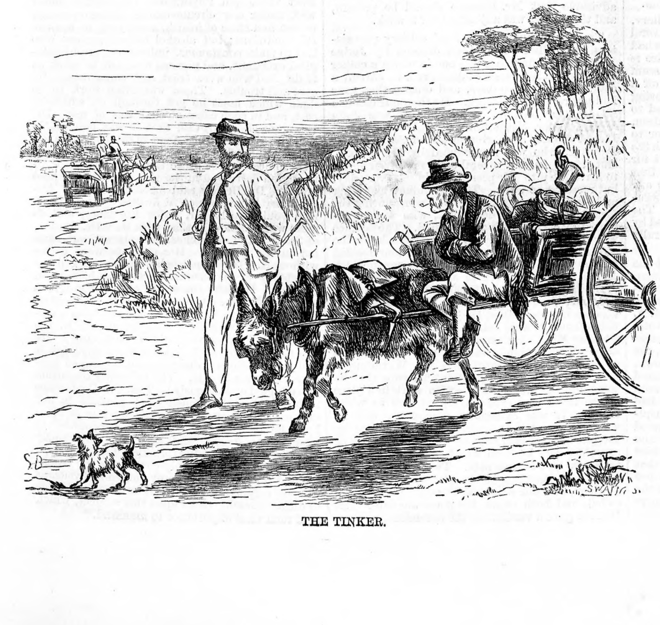
DRINKING AND SMOKING.

There has appeared in Boston, United States, a little work entitled "On Smoking and Drinking," which the *Athenæum* reviewed at some length. It is written by a Mr. James Parton, a teetotaller, who, unlike most writers professedly of that class, does not write violently and with prejudice, but temperately and sensibly. But for all that, alchohol has in Mr. Parton an uncompromising opponent. "Alcohol and tobacco," he says, "support half the modern world in doing wrong." Here we join issue with the writer. Used moderately, alcohol is not the enemy which Mr. Parton alleges it to be; on the contrary, it is often of considerable service. If this is not so, why do medical men so generally prescribe wine, spirits, and beer for those of their patients whose system stands in need of strengthening? We could point to cases where water drinkers have been reduced to such weakness as to endanger their lives. It is in the abuse, not the use, of alcohol that the danger lies. Mr. Parton is as hostile to tobacco as he is to alcohol. Yet who but he who smokes excessively can say that a pipe or cigar does harm? Those who find that tobacco affects their health should relinquish the habit of smoking. To do so is easy enough. Those whose brains are always busy—men who think and write a good deal—are amongst those who habitually smoke either pipes, cigars, or cigarettes. Perhaps the latter is preferable, when you make the cigarette yourself with the fragrant, almost tasteless, Turkish tobacco. Ready-made cigarettes, for the most part, should be eschewed; they are confusion.

Some sensible remarks from the pen of Dr. A. K. Gardner, M.D., of the New York Medical College, were recently published. Dr. Gardner says we should remember that when wines and liquors are put into the stomach in any excess they must get out again, and that to do this, certain organs, if overtaxed, become diseased. Stimulants to the kidneys—as gin and whiskey—should be moderately taken; their excessive use produces diabetes, Bright's disease, and the like; whilst brandy acts on the liver, producing congestions, hardenings, and modulations. It is desirable, therefore, in Dr. Gardner's opinion, "to change the variety of drink." Liquors taken "neat," as it is called, are most injurious. New and cheap spirits should also be avoided. They are filled with fusel oil, which inflames the stomach and the organs through which it escapes. This oil takes time to evaporate; henceold spirits should, where possible, be drunk. Dr. Gardner speaks highly of ale and porter, and calls them the most nutritious of all the beverages. "Taken at meals, they stimulate the appetite, encourage digestion, and conduce to quiet happiness." He denounces liqueurs, which "are simply fourth proof pure spirits, with a very strong syrup, flavoured variously." As to absinthe, it is with disgust that he mentions it. But as it is very sparingly used in this country we need not quote Dr. Gardner's remarks. Wine he calls exhilarating and animating: "love, glory, fame, great deeds and lofty aims are its fruit." We quote his concluding observations:—"If we could but afford with our every-day dinner to drink a bottle of sound claret or hock among the family, and a bottle of real champagne on a Sunday, dyspepsias would vanish, the old bones of the grandfathers would get new strength (the earthy deposits would be lessened), while the chairs made vacant by consumption would be less numerous. When dry Consular Seal and luscious Clicquot Venoe, or some native equivalents, are within pecuniary reach, humanity will advance, for then everyone will practically sit under his vine and his fig-tree. Life will be looked at with different eyes. Dyspepsia is at the bottom a hard theology and hard feeling toward God and man. The tendency of wine-drinking is not to excess. Excess in wine-drinking has not so generally the disorders of brain and the body so common in spirit-drinking. Still we cannot hope to change our national customs until we become a wine-producing country. To that end let us render every assistance."



A LITERARY DUCHESS.



THE TINKER.

NEWS OF THE MIDLANDS.

The Bishop of Lichfield, who is staying at Whitley, is much better.

Mr. John Bright, M.P., is visiting Mr. Potter, M.P., at Pitnacree, Perthshire.

The Coventry and the Saltley College Volunteers were inspected on Tuesday.

Sir Charles Rushout, Bart., died on Saturday last, at his seat in Gloucestershire.

James Pearman, butcher, Dale End, Birmingham, was on Tuesday sentenced to six weeks' imprisonment for having bad meat on his premises.

The bazaar for the Ragged Schools in Bishop Ryder's parish began at the Town Hall, Birmingham, on Tuesday, and remains open until Saturday (to-night).

At Longton, Staffordshire, two men, named Jeffreys and Riley, have been each fined £200 for having in their possession stills for the manufacture of whisky.

The Countess of Dartmouth laid the foundation stone of the New West Bromwich District Hospital on Tuesday. We shall illustrate the subject in a future Number.

The European Life Assurance and Guarantee Company has followed in the wake of the Albert. The liabilities are £11,000,000, and there is £421,029 to meet them.

The man Richard Spratt, charged with attempting to murder his wife, and then cut his own throat, in Blucher Street, Birmingham, was on Tuesday committed for trial.

The local *Herald* says the proprietor of the Worcester Alhambra concert-hall has purchased Worcester Theatre, which for many years was under the management of Mr. James Rodgers.

The Bromsgrove New Gas Company will begin supplying customers on the 29th inst. Nearly all the shares are taken up; and Mr. Thomas, of Sutton Coldfield, has been appointed manager.

Benjamin Hart, 3½ years old, the son of a nailer at The Lye, died on Thursday, from drinking scalding water from a tea kettle. The boy drank the water in the morning, and expired at night.

The foot and mouth disease has been declared to exist at Bosley, North Rode, Alsager, Audlem, and Bradwell, in North Staffordshire and Cheshire, under the provisions of the Contagious Diseases Act, 1869.

A meeting of ironworkers' delegates was held on Saturday, at the Limerick Inn, Great Bridge, to receive an answer from the masters to their petition in favour of an advance of wages. It was stated that no answer had been received.

Ledbury Agricultural Show was held on Tuesday. Mr. Hickman, jun., Mainstone Court, took the first, and Mr. Cook, Much Marcle, the second prize for fat beast. Lady Emily Foley took the first prize for sheep. A dinner and the customary semi-political speeches followed.

We remind our readers that Mr. Charles Dickens will deliver his address at the Midland Institute, Birmingham, on Monday next. The famous novelist will have a brilliant audience. The scene will supply us with an appropriate subject for illustration in a future number.

The Jews on the 15th inst. closed all their places of business, and attended the synagogues in celebration of what is called the Day of Atonement. The Chief Rabbi, Dr. Adler, (who recently visited Birmingham) preached the sermon in the Great Synagogue in Duke's-place, London.

A sad incident marred the pleasure of many excursionists to Doncaster Races. Mr. Worrell, a Sheffield innkeeper, had been under medical treatment for heart disease, and the excitement of his intended visit to the races produced a fatal effect upon him, for after the train had proceeded a considerable distance in the direction of Masbro' he suddenly fell dead upon the knees of a fellow passenger.

On Saturday night the Midland train for the North, due in Birmingham at 8.50, was somewhat late, and just before arriving at the Banbury Street Station it overtook a goods train on the same line. The two trains came into collision, but no carriage was thrown off the line, and the only persons injured were a few passengers who received slight bruises on the body from being thrown off their seats.

The editor of *Punch* appears on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday next, at the Exchange Rooms, as "Falstaff," supported by Mr. Harry Lemon, Miss Rose Garland, and other professional artistes. There is already a brisk demand for seats, and we shall be surprised if the fame of the impersonator of the Fat Knight does not attract crowded houses at each of the three performances.

At the Walsall Board of Guardians' meeting on Friday a charge of neglect of duty preferred by the Rev. Mr. Vernon against Mr. Cooke, the medical officer, was brought forward. It was a case of alleged neglect in the case of a woman named Hales, who, however, had not complained to the relieving officer. Some remarks were made upon what one of the speakers called "the loose practice" of granting medical notes in cases where they were not absolutely wanted.

Sportsmen are beginning to think of the fox-hunting season. Cub-hunting has already begun. Lord Coventry's (the North Cotswold) hounds commenced cub-hunting on Thursday week, at Weston Park, and killed one cub; following up with a brace at Buckland Wood, on Saturday. The Rufford hounds commenced cub-hunting last week, and killed three brace. Sir George Wombwell killed a brace of cubs with the York and Ainsty last week. Lord Spencer has placed Althorp at the disposal of the Prince of Wales for the approaching hunting season.

Mr. Scudamore and a staff of officers were in Birmingham last week making arrangements for the working of the telegraphs under the Government from the 1st of January next. The instruments of the various companies will be collected at the principal money-order office in Cannon-street, and the present office in the Exchange will be retained as a receiving office. Various branches will be established in the towns, and most of the present staff will be retained in the service of the Government Those persons not required will be pensioned if they have been five years in receipt of quarterly salaries, or seven years of weekly wages from the companies.

A shocking accident occurred at Bromsgrove, on Friday afternoon, which it is feared will end fatally. Mr. James Parry, of the Bromsgrove Grit Mill, was returning home in a timber wagon. He was astride on the pole of the carriage, between the fore and hind wheels, and when in the Strand the horse started forward and threw him from his seat. He fell on the road, and one of the hind wheels passed over his head, inflicting a severe scalp wound.

Drink has had another victim. A woman named Colclough, of Far Green, Hanley, died under suspicious circumstances last week. The adjourned inquest was held on Monday, and Mr. Goodwin, surgeon, who had made a *post-mortem* examination, gave the result thereof, the effect being that external injury had not caused death, but that the causes were suppuration and ulceration of the lungs and enlargement of the liver, produced by drink. A verdict of "Death from natural causes" was returned.

The Great Western Company are about to erect two strong iron bridges where their line crosses the Avon, near Evesham, in place of the present wooden ones. The supports will be cylindrical, similar to those in the Midland Railway Bridge. The plan is to detach one-half of the old bridge, and erect a portion of the new one; then remove the remaining woodwork, and complete the iron bridge, one line of rails being made to do double duty for a time. The work will be commenced in about a month.

On Saturday William Hollimore was drowned in the Fenn's Pool, Dudley. He had been drinking with his brother, John Hollimore, and as they were afterwards passing the pool, the deceased challenged his brother to a swimming match. This was declined. He stripped, however, and plunged into the pool. When he had got about fifty yards away, John Hollimore, noticing that his brother was drowning, jumped in with his clothes on, and brought him to land. He was, however, dead.

An accident has occured at Leamington, from playing with gunpowder, by which five boys have been seriously injured. One of the lads obtained a quantity of gunpowder, with which they were making squibs, when a spark accidentally fell into the box containing the powder, and the whole was exploded. The boys were all severely burnt about the face, hands, and arms, and three of them were so seriously injured that they had to be taken to the Warneford Hospital, where they remain under treatment.

It will be remembered that the Duke of St. Albans recently invited the parishioners of Redbourne to recommend to him a gentleman to supply a vacancy which had occurred in the living of that place. The proceeding was regarded as an important precedent and example on the part of a patron of Church preferment; and it may now be interesting to add that the parishioners of Redbourne have recommended to the Duke for nomination the Rev. G. Godfrey, now curate at Thurtsley, Leicestershire. The rev. gentleman is described as a "sound Churchman and a hard-working clergyman."

The Leamington authorities have undertaken a costly work. An agreement has been entered into between the Earl of Warwick and the Local Board for the latter to pump the town sewage on to his Lordship's estate for 30 years for £450 a year. The rise is over 100ft., and the distance about two miles. It is estimated that the necessary works will cost the Board £12,000, and that the annual expenses will be £700, so that a large sum of money will be sunk by the town in order to get rid of the sewage difficulty, the Earl taking all responsibility as to injunctions. The Warwick Local Board Sewage Farm pays its working expenses, and that at Banbury will, in 30 years, have paid for its works and all expenses, by a yearly loss of £100, in all probability, unless the farm can be made more productive.

On Thursday an inquest was held at Leamington, on the body of William Reading, an old man of seventy-seven. Deceased was once a farmer, but had been reduced to poverty, and was now in receipt of parish relief. Fifteen years ago he cut his throat, but recovered, and was committed to gaol for three weeks. Since that time he has repeatedly attempted to destroy himself. On Wednesday he received a letter from a son living in Artillery-row, Westminster, describing himself as destitute of clothing, and absolutely starving. The next night he hanged himself in his bedroom. The poor old man was respectably connected; one of his sons is a Nonconformist minister and the superintendent of a circuit. The jury found that the deceased hanged himself, but left the state of his mind an open question.

The chain pit of the Clough Hall Colliery, North Staffordshire, has been burning for several days, and up to Saturday morning the flames had not been extinguished. The cause of the fire is said to be a large "blower" of gas. The seam of coal now being worked ordinarily gives off a large quantity of gas, and a large blower being added to it a flame was created which spread to the coal and set it on fire. Mr. Ronaldson, manager, and the men, used every endeavour to put out the fire, but without avail. At length the horses and men were brought out of the pit for safety, and the water engine was stopped so that the water might accumulate and exclude the air. There have been several explosions, and the accumulated water has acted as a buttress. The amount of the damage is considerably lessened by this means. The ventilation of the pit is generally good.

John Smith, son of a farmer residing at the Broadway Farm, Leckhampton, near Cheltenham, was apprehended on Saturday on a charge of breaking into Chadnor Villa, The Park, and stealing a quantity of jewellery, the property of Miss M. A. Webb; and a girl named Vallinder, a prostitute, was at the same time apprehended on the charge of receiving the articles stolen. Miss Webb, the occupier of Chadnor Villa, is away from town, and on Thursday night her house was entered through a window, and ransacked by a person who evidently knew the premises. Smith had formerly been in Miss Webb's service, and suspicion was directed to him. He was apprehended at his father's house, and in his pocket was found a fancy match box, which was among the articles stolen. Further inquiry led to the discovery that he had been staying with Vallinder, and in her possession was found the larger portion, if not the whole, of the other things stolen. The prisoners were remanded.

Mr. J. A. Langford, of the *Birmingham Daily Gazette*, and author of "A Century of Birmingham Life," has received the degree of LL.D. from the College of Greeneville and Tusculum, in the State of Tennessee, United States. The diploma assigns general literary knowledge and ability as the reason for conferring the degree, which is well deserved by the recipient. Mr. Langford owes the high literary position he has achieved entirely to his own exertions and perseverance; and the honour now paid him by the American college is regarded with great satisfaction in Birmingham.

Mr. H. B. Sheridan, M.P. for Dudley, whose country seat is situated in St. Peter's, Thanet, writes to a local journal denying the report that his constituents are about to call upon him for an explanation regarding his connection with the Albert Insurance Company. He says—"I have received no letter or communication, directly or indirectly, from my constituents, large as that constituency is, or from any person in Dudley, on the subject of the Albert Company. Neither have there been any meetings of my constituents on the subject." In addition, he adds that there will be no ruin to any policy-holder in connection with the company, as they are safe to get 15s. in the pound, and possibly the remaining 5s.

Signor Martinengo of Wolverhampton has just received direct from Rome several vestments, from the wardrybe of his Holiness the Pope, and a beautiful painting of the Virgin, called the Buon Consiglis, as a present to the nuns of the Monastery of St. Joseph, Temple-street, in that town. The vestments consist of one pianeta (for the sacrifice of the Mass), in violet silk and yellow trimmings complete, with borsa, manipoli, ammitti, and corporali; one ditto, black and yellow. The value of these vestments is greatly enhanced in the estimation of the recipients from the fact of their having been used several times by his Holiness himself. The present has been made in recognition of the labours of the nuns in training young girls for domestic service.

The Wolverhampton magistrates are enforcing the new Local Improvement Act, which renders it necessary that keepers of inns where music is performed should have a license for that purpose. The matter came before the justices on Monday. Mr. Brewster, of the Prince of Wales Concert Hall, applied in person for a license. He said the dancing in his house was confined to the performers on the stage. The hall closed at eleven o'clock. He allowed no improper characters to enter.—The Mayor: You allow the youth of either sex—boys and girls?—Mr. Brewster: I allow boys over 15; but we don't give boys a check for refreshments.—The Mayor: They make a special payment?—Mr. Brewster: All persons coming to the hall receive two checks—one giving admission, and another entitling to refreshment, but the latter is withheld from boys, except for cakes or ginger beer; and the waiters are prohibited from supplying them with intoxicating liquors.—There were upwards of thirty similar applications. In one case the solicitor making the application said the house was largely used by Irish, who liked to amuse tbemselves by a "jig," and a license was therefore wanted for a fiddler in a back room. One applicant wanted a license "to induce his son, a musician, to stay at home." The Bench deferred their decision in all the cases until next Monday.

The Dudley guardians had before them on Friday the consideration of charges against a member of the Board by Mr. W. Breakwell, the miners' agent for the district. The charge was that Mr. Breakwell had said, at the recent conference of miners, "That there was a guardian of the poor in that Board who had a permanently injured man belonging to his pits, and that instead of allowing him field-pay he had promised to get him as much money as field-pay from the parish relief." Mr. Breakwell then entered into a statement showing that a man named Lendon Haden was injured in Barrs's shaft in the year 1860. For thirteen months he had 6s. per week from the office and 6s. from the gatherings of the men. At the end of the above time he was reduced by the office to 3s., and in the first week of 1869 he was taken off office pay altogether, while his gatherings also lapsed. Mr. Bassano then said he was to go to the parish, and he would try to get him pay to keep him. Haden's wife went to the guardians, where she met Mr. Bassano. Two shillings per week were allowed to her, and shortly afterwards 1s. 6d. was added to her 2s. A further 6d. was added in a short time, and that was what they had to live upon. Mr. Breakwell then called Haden and his wife to corroborate his statement. It was deemed advisable that Mr. Bassono should be present, and the matter was adjourned for a week.

Two cases, important to local colliery proprietors and colliers, have been decided by Judge Kettle. The first case was one in which a collier had received his notice of discharge, to extend a course over fourteen days, and during that time had not received full work. He therefore claimed £2 as compensation. The plaintiff was John Wyatt, miner, Netherton Hill, and the defendant Daniel Smart, a chartermaster, of Baptist End. Plaintiff, who was represented by Mr. Stokes, stated that he and several others received notice to leave the pit. He presented himself every day, but received no work. The defendant had other men—relations—down the pit at work during the fortnight. This the defendant, who was represented by Mr. Warmington, denied. The defence was that there was not a very good sale for the coal, and there was no work. His Honour decided for the plaintiff.—The next case was one in which a man refused to work in an alleged dangerous place in a pit, and was discharged without notice in consequence of such refusal. The plaintiff was Charles Davies, collier, Dudley Row, Dudley, and the defendants were John Aston, John Baker, and Thomas Mills, chartermasters of No. 4 pit, Tividale. The demand was £2 18s. Mr. Stokes appeared for the plaintiff, and Mr. Warmington for the defendants. The plaintiff swore that he went into the pit and was set to work in a place where there was choke damp as well as white damp. It was extremely dangerous, and he would not work. Defendant told him to go up the pit, and not come again. Mr. Aston swore he examined the head in which he set the plaintiff to work, and it was safe. Two witnesses—one who left the heading before plaintiff was told to go there, and one who took Davies's place—were called, and both swore the place was safe. His Honour gave a verdict for the defendant.

The Stratford-on-Avon magistrates have had a peculiar case before them. Catherine Burchell was charged with unlawfully wounding Arthur Stephens, the son of a farmer at Claydon. The prisoner had been in the service of Stephens's father, and an attachment sprung up between them, of which his parents disapproved. The girl was discharged, but obtained another situation in the neighbourhood; and the acquaintance was secretly continued. On Sunday night they met, but quarrelled, and the girl attempted to cut Stephens's throat. The injuries were not severe, but she threatened to renew the attempt unless he eloped with her. They accordingly set out for Stratford, where they arrived next morning, having walked all night. A telegram, however, had preceded them, and, on reaching Stratford, the girl was arrested. She was remanded.

A Lichfield butcher, named Farmer, has narrowly escaped being fined for having bad meat in his possession. A carcase of beef was seized and destroyed by the Mayor's order. Superintendent Mynard deposed to the carcase being dressed and in preparation for sale, with those of two other beasts hanging in defendant's slaughter-house; that the vessels were clotted with blood, showing that it had not been bled, and that the animal had died from inflammation in the intestines. Mr. Cooper, a veterinary surgeon, corroborated Mr. Mynard's evidence as to the cause of death, &c. The witnesses called in defence deposed to defendant having ordered the carcase to be boiled down for the pigs, that it had been bought of a butcher named Jones, of Shenstone, to be boiled down for the pigs; was brought in a cart to his slaughter-house whole, and dressed for that purpose. The case was ultimately dismissed, a doubt being entertained as to whether the carcase was intended for human food or to be boiled down.

An alarming fire was discovered on Sunday morning at Mr. Oldham's farm, near Newbold Beeches, Leamington. The Leamington firemen attended, and did good service; but despite all efforts, property amounting to between £600 and £700 was destroyed. The fire was the work of an incendiary, Joseph Archer Raffe, a journeyman dyer, of Leamington, who on Monday went to the police station in that town and gave himself up. At the examination before Mr. Gubbins on Monday, Sergeant Staite stated that about six o'clock that morning the prisoner came to the Town Hall, and on asking him what he wanted, replied, "I have come to give myself up." He asked, "What for?" to which the prisoner replied, "I set fire to Mr. Oldham's barn." He told him to be careful what he said, for whatever he stated he should produce in evidence against him. Prisoner then stated, "I set fire to it yesterday morning, between one and two o'clock. I went down the Holly Walk, across the fields, and through the gate. I pushed the hovel door open, and went inside. I took some loose straw, and I struck the match, set the straw on fire, and threw it down. I then came out and pulled the door after me, and came away. When I got to the mill I turned round and saw the place in flames, heard some one galloping down the road crying 'Fire,' and I then went back to the farm. When I got there I saw three or four men throwing water on the ricks, and I assisted them till the engine came, and then I went to work at it. I did it; I am tired of my life; I want to get transported." The prisoner, who asked the witnesses no questions and said nothing in his defence, presented a most pitiable appearance, being miserably clad, and affording indications of great mental dejection, if not of aberration. He was committed for trial.

A "select conference" on intemperance was held at the Birmingham Town Hall, on Monday. Dr. Bell Fletcher, who presided, said 99 persons out of 100 would not suffer at all if they left off alcohol altogether. Mr. Furneaux Jordan ventured to express, on behalf of the surgeons, the opinion that the use of stimulants in the treatment of medical cases might be greatly diminished if not done away with altogether. So far as his experience went, the cases in which it was necessary to prescribe alcoholic stimulants were quite exceptional. (Hear, hear.) In private practice he had constantly to say to patients that by totally abstaining they would not only be better in sickness, but they would be better in health, and would live to a greater length of time. (Hear, hear.) Cases would now and then arise in which it would be necessary to resort somewhat freely, perhaps, to the use of alcoholic stimulants; but such cases were altogether exceptional. Dr. Norris, Professor of Physiology at the Queen's College, Birmingham, held that alcohol was in some cases a medicine of very distinct value and importance, but that it never was, under any circumstances, necessary to any person in a state of health, and living in healthful conditions; but alcohol helped persons who had to make continuous, unhealthy, unphysiological exertions, and persons who had to work at night, and who were tried and embarrassed by care and trouble. There was often work to be done which must be got through at whatever cost, and in such cases alcohol was of use. Dr. Edmunds (London) said that it was lamentable that £100,000,000 were spent in this country upon intoxicating drinks, while millions of the people were in need of the bread that might be made of the bread destroyed in the manufacture of those drinks. Dr. Bracey said alcohol was quite unnecessary to any person in health. He believed men would live longer, enjoy life more, and do more work without it than with it. Dr. Bailey, of Stourbridge, did almost entirely without alcohol in his practice. His patients were better without it. He did not believe in the alleged impossibility of a teetotal doctor establishing a practice. He had succeeded at Stourbridge—a very bad place for a teetotaller. But he believed he might have done better if he had not been a teetotaller. He wished to hear an answer to the question—What disease did alcohol cure? He was sure that by itself it never cured any; but it had produced many diseases and destroyed millions of human beings. The following resolution was adopted unanimously:—That this Conference is of opinion that much error prevails in our medical schools on the therapeutic value of alcoholic liquors; that this error is propagated in medical text-books, and acts most injuriously upon the common medical practice of this country; that this conference highly commends the teaching and practice of the many eminent physicians who are employing their great medical eminence to diffuse sounder views upon this subject, which is of such vital importance to mankind."

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

The Bishop of Carlisle is better.

The Court Theatre, Dresden, was destroyed by fire on Tuesday.

The *South London Press* states that Mr. Spurgeon is rather seriously unwell.

The death is announced of Mr. Thomas Graham, Master of the Mint, in his sixty-fourth year.

Dr. Briscoe has been appointed Inspector of Prisons in the place of Mr. Perry, who has resigned.

Alexander Freyne, bailiff to to Mr. Cusask, near Moy Dow, has been shot dead at a place called Abbeyderg, whilst returning from Doorghall.

The *Choir* announces that the Prince of Wales has given a prize of £5 for bagpipe playing, to be competed for at an annual Highland gathering.

It is officially announced that the accouchement of her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales is expected to take place the latter end of November or beginning of December.

The Convocation of the Province of Canterbury has lost one of its most useful members in the person of the Rev. James Crawley Vincent, M.A., vicar of Carnarvon.

David Brosneham, described as a Roman Catholic priest, was indicted at the Middlesex Sessions on Tuesday for indecently assaulting a woman. He was acquitted.

The authorities at Glasgow have granted permission to run experimentally omnibuses drawn by patent road steamers with indiarubber tires, through the streets of their city.

The Prussian Bible Society in Berlin has distributed since its foundation in 1814 more than 3,000,000 copies of the Holy Scriptures. In the year 1867 alone the number was 90,000.

Two ballet dancers have been burnt to death at the Victoria Theatre, Berlin. Their dresses ignited from a piece of burning paper which one of the poor girls threw on the floor.

The inqnest on M'Grath, who was murdered at Cashel on Saturday, was held on Wednesday, and a verdict of "wilful murder" was returned against some person or persons unknown.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* is informed that Mr. Shirley, of Loughfea Castle, Monaghan, intends purchasing the whole rent charge of his estates and presenting it to the New Church Body.

The Volunteer Fêtes in Belgium are taking place this week. The English Volunteers (upwards of 100) reached Liege on Friday. They were received by the civil and military authorities.

At a conference of miners at Pontypridd on Thursday, fifty-two delegates, representing 11,000 men, reported a general disposition to combine, and a union was formed and an executive appointed.

A party of Fenian sympathizers left Lurgan on Sunday in a van for Armagh, to convey home a Fenian released from gaol. The Orangemen took possession of the van near Peagoe, and brought it home in triumph.

A startling explosion occurred on Tuesday morning at the gunpowder works, Faversham, belonging to Messrs. Hall and Son, by which one man has been seriously injured, and two or three powder mills destroyed.

The *Western Mail* says the Marquis of Bute has offered unconditionally to pay off the whole of the remaining debt (£1,200) upon the Cardiff Infirmary. This munificent donation takes the form of a birthday gift.

Professor Galbraith, Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, in an elaborate calculation, estimates the total present value of the life-incomes of the bishops, dignitaries, incumbents, and curates of the Irish Church, under the Act, as £5,098,150.

A verdict of temporary insanity has been returned at the inquest on Mr. Robinson, the Pontefract banker, who committed suicide, as reported last week. His wife attributed his death to over anxiety and pressure of business.

The Town Council of Bolton have approved of a memorial to the Government praying for the adoption of some effective measure for the Sunday closing of public and beer houses. The Southport Town Council have passed a similar resolution.

On Friday morning, the workmen employed at the powder mills of Messrs. Curtis and Harvey, at Hounslow, were examined as they came on the premises, and no fewer than fifty-eight of them were suspended for having pipes and lucifers in their possession.

Mrs. Watkin Williams, wife of the member for Denbigh Boroughs, who is the daughter of an eminent judge belonging to the Baptist denomination, and herself a Protestant dissenter, has laid the foundation-stone of the new Roman Catholic chapel of that town.

The death is announced of Dr. Hunt, the founder and late president of the Anthropological Society. His death is said to have been caused by brain fever, brought on by excitement consequent upon the treatment anthropology received at the late meeting of the British Association at Exeter.

The deliveries of herrings at Great Yarmouth fish wharf during the last few days have not been excessive, but still a considerable number of luggers have come in with catches ranging from one last to eight lasts each. A last is 13,200 fish. Prices have ranged from £9 to £25 per last. The herrings landed have been of fair quality.

On Monday, the bodies of James Schofield, woollen weaver, and his wife, were discovered in the house called the Cotes, Micklehurst. The woman's head was nearly severed from her body, and Schofield's throat was fearfully gashed. Both were dead, and it is supposed that the man first murdered his wife, and then committed suicide.

Another Alpine disaster is related. A gentleman named Chester, a member of the Alpine Club, was ascending the Lyskamm with two guides on Wednesday, having with him a dog. The dog slipped, and Mr. Chester fell while endeavouring to save it. Both guides and Mr. Chester fell 1,500 feet. Mr. Chester was killed—the guides escaped with severe cuts and bruises.

Another new Paris paper is about to appear—the *Lorgnon* or Eye-glass, edited by M. Aurélian Scholl, who has made himself conspicuous lately by a scandalous lawsuit with his wife, originally Miss Perkins. The *Lorgnon* is to be a light gazette, something between the old *Figaro* and the disreputable *Lanterne*.

A man who owes a bill in London can now pay it in four hours by simply going to Wall-street and purchasing a document known as a "cable transfer" a device born of the great Atlantic telegraph enterprise, whereby the equivalent of the money which he gives in New York will be immediately delivered to his creditors in London.

At the annual dinner of the Fermanagh Agricultural Society the other night, at Enniskillen, the toast of "the Queen" is said to have been proposed in a very "frigid manner." The toast of "the Lord Lieutenant" was only drunk after it had been proposed twice. The only toast which elicited enthusiasm was that of "Prosperity to Ireland."

The Most Rev. Michael Kieran, titular Catholic Archbishop of Armagh, Metropolitan of Ulster, and Primate of all Ireland, died on Thursday se'nnight at Dundalk. He was consecrated February 3, 1867, as successor of the late Dr. Dixon, having been promoted at once from the rank of a parish priest at Drogheda to the archbishopric.

Woolwich Dockyard was virtually closed on Friday; the whole of the mechanics and labourers, amounting to not more than 150, having left the establishment pursuant to notice, with the exception of a few men who remain for the purpose of making packing-cases for the furniture of the officials who will remove to other localities. There was some disturbance when the men were paid off.

A Central Press telegram which was published in our contemporaries on Saturday, embodies the rumour which was current a week or two since of the Emperor Napoleon's approaching abdication. The statement (which is given on the authority of "officials in confidential communication with the Emperor") is that a formal abdication will take place in a few weeks at latest. The Prince Imperial will be proclaimed Emperor, with the title of Napoleon IV., the present Emperor holding office as President of the Council. The *Pall Mall Gazette* adds that it is quite certain the Emperor's health is very far from being re-established.

On Friday at the Brewster sessions, held at the Sheffield Town Hall, an application for a beer licence was made by the notorious William Broadhead. He based his application on the ground that he had for four years held a house under the Excise, which had been respectably and well conducted, and he submitted that any previous conduct of his as a trade-unionist, confessed by himself, ought not to operate against his continuing to keep a beer-house under the new system; while the refusal of a licence would deprive him and his family of all means of subsistence. The magistrates stated that he was no ordinary man, and had been guilty of no ordinary crimes, and therefore they should not grant him a licence.

Intelligence of another serious loss by shipwreck, in addition to those reported on page 56, has been received. A telegram from Shanghae announces the total wreck of the ship Hamilla Mitchell, belonging to Glasgow, outward bound from London to Shanghae, within 130 miles of her destination, with a cargo valued at £150,000, and specie to the amount of £50,000. The date of her loss is not mentioned in the telegram, only the spot where it occurred, known as Leuconna Hummocks, a cluster of rocks in the fair way to the entrance of the river Yang-Tse-Kiang, and about 130 miles from Shanghae. The crew appear to have saved themselves by the ship's boats, and reached the port in safety. All the specie is insured.

On Saturday afternoon the mayor and magistrates at Rochester were occupied for some time in the investigation of a series of charges preferred against Lieut. Adair, of the Chatham division of Royal Marines Light Infantry, and Charles Henry Adair, an officer serving on board the *Warrior*, for having wantonly destroyed a quantity of flower vases, ornaments, and flowers, at the gardens of Alderman Naylor and Mr. Gibbons, Rochester; Charles Henry Adair being further charged with breaking one of the public lamps, and violently assaulting P. C. Cronk in the execution of his duty. The defendants, late on Thursday night, visited the prosecutors' premises, when they proceeded to destroy the flowers, vases, and ornaments, but being interrupted in their disgraceful conduct, succeeded in effecting their escape. The magistrates after deliberating in private for some time ordered the defendants to pay £4 15s., amount of damage and costs for the malicious damage, and Charles Henry Adair a further sum of £3 for the assault on the police-constable. The fine and costs, amounting to £7 15s., were paid.

Several members of the Saxe-Coburg family are in England. Prince Auguste of Saxe-Coburg, with his consort (*née* Princess Leopoldine of Brazil) and three youthful Princes, arrived a few days since from Rio Janeiro, for the benefit of the health of the young Princess and her family. The Prince and Princess are at the Star and Garter Hotel, Richmond, in oder to be near the Orleans family at Twickenham. Owing to the prevalence of the recent gales, the Grand Duchess Clementine, who is accompanied by her sons, Prince Philippe and Prince Ferdinand, and by her daughter, the Princess Amélie, was unable to cross the Channel until Thursday last, when the Grand Duchess joined her relatives at Dover, and came on with them to the Royal Victoria Hotel at St. Leonard's-on-Sea, where all the family are now sojourning. It is understood, if the air of St. Leonard's proves beneficial to the Princess Auguste and her children, that the sojourn of the Royal visitors may be prolonged for a considerable period. The Princess de Joinville, accompanied by her second son, has arrived on a visit; and the Duke and Duchess d'Alençon, with the Princess Marguerite and the Princess Blanche, are staying with their illustrious relatives. His Serene Highness the Duke of Saxe Coburg is expected shortly on a visit. The Grand Duchess Clementine and the Princess Amélie have taken sea baths daily since their arrival at St. Leonard's-on-Sea.

A beerhouse keeper at Highgate, named Whellock, has been fined 40s. and costs for using "treasonable language" to a corporal of the Royal Horse Artillery. The corporal called to state that on the following day two private soldiers would be billeted there, upon which Whellock rejoined, "Blank and blank her Majesty, and you too."

General Sickles telegraphs to Washington that the proposition of the United States to Spain about Cuba had the effect of kindling great resentment against America. The whole Peninsula had been roused as one man to maintain the colonial integrity of the kingdom. The Spanish Cabinet declined to consider any proposition from America at present. He has also been informed that Spain in no event would consent to treat on the basis of the loss or sale of Cuba. He thinks Austria and France will support Spain, and asks for further instructions.

Mr. Gladstone has had offered to him the freedom of the City of Aberdeen, and has been invited to a public banquet to be held in his honour. Mr. Gladstone has written a reply, in which he says: "To be a citizen of Aberdeen, and to sit in Aberdeen at a banquet of fellow-citizens, are honours which I should greatly covet. But after a session which has been arduous beyond my strength, I find myself already engaged in the labour of preparation for another session likely to be not less arduous, and ordinary prudence has combined with medical advice in leading me to feel that I must not, in cases where a choice can properly be given me, charge myself at present with engagements of a public nature."

At the Marlborough-street police court, on Saturday, Mr. Straight, barrister, applied to Mr. Knox for summonses on behalf of Mr. Lee and other shareholders of the Albert Life Assurance Company, against Wm. Beattie, Esq., M.D., Peter Hood, Esq., M.D., J. W. Johns, Esq., G. Goldsmith Kirby, Esq., E. Vansittart Weale, Esq., Dr. Nichols, M.R.C.P., Vice-Admiral the Right Hon. Lord George Paulet, C.B., W. Page, Esq., T. Phillips, Esq., T. Stevenson, Esq., and Robert Whitworth, Esq., the directors and managing director of the above-mentioned company, for conspiring together, between the years 1864 and 1869, to defraud certain persons of divers sums of money. Mr. Knox granted the summonses, which are fixed for hearing to-day.

An inquest on the family of the Judges, at Bromley, has been held by Mr. Humphreys. The deaths to be inquired into were those of Jonathan Judge, aged thirty-three years, Clara Anne Judge, aged thirty-three years, Louisa Emily, aged three years, and Charles Judge, aged ten months. When the jury viewed the bodies they were lying on a bed in the room where they were discovered. Near the foot of the bed was the bottom part of an old milk-can, which contained a large piece of charcoal. On the table lay an open book, as if some one had been reading it. The name of it was, "Treasure Trove; or, he would be a Gentleman." A short distance from it lay another work, entitled "A Struggle for Life." The evidence went to show that the wife must have concurred with her husband in the crime, and the jury found a verdict of wilful murder against both as regarded the death of their children, and as respects themselves that they committed suicide while in an unsound state of mind.

The agitation for the release of the Fenian prisoners is increasing. On Monday evening a demonstration organised for the purpose of soliciting the Government to release the Fenian convicts was held in Trafalgar Square. The number of those present was variously estimated from 5,000 to 10,000. Mr. Moore, M.P., presided, and made a long and elaborate speech, in which he protested vehemently against the right of the English authorities to detain the political prisoners any longer in gaol, and contrasted the clemency of the French and the American Governments with what he designated the barbarous cruelty practised on political offenders in England. Mr. Charles Murray moved, and Mr. W. P. Hennessey seconded, the first resolution, which ran as follows:—"That while this meeting fully recognises the right and the duty of the Executive to repress and punish all illegitimate resistance to its authority, we think such punishment should be limited by the previous conduct of the Government itself, the nature and the extent of the insurrection, and the personal conduct of the insurgents." The resolution having been carried, Mr. Weston moved, and Mr. Bradlaugh seconded, the second resolution, which ran thus:—That, taking all these facts into consideration, this meeting is convinced that the prisoners still confined for political offences have been already more than sufficiently punished, and that the extension of a complete and unconditional amnesty to these men would advance the cause of good government throughout the empire."—Carrying this resolution terminated the meeting,

Fort Augustus was thrown into a state of excitement on Tuesday last on account of the conduct of the Roman Catholic priest, the Rev. John Macdonald, who, accompanied by two men (Macdellan, pensioner, and Macpherson, gamekeeper), effected a forcible entrance into the house of Captain Ross, for the purpose, it is understood, of endeavouring to administer one of the rites of the Church to the old captain, who is upon his death-bed. The old Waterloo veteran, who has been for some time past imbecile, expressed a desire to see the priest, with whom he had been on the most intimate terms, both of them being Lochaber men. The priest, it was believed, had endeavoured to pervert the captain, and make capital out of his friendly visit, and upon this being known he was told not to repeat his visit. Nothing daunted, however, he obtained the assistance of the above-mentioned men, and effected a forcible entrance into the captain's house at a late hour on Monday night. The gamekeeper held Mrs. Ross's hands behind her back, and the pensioner gave his attention to a male attendant, and held him down in a most brutal manner, while the priest prepared to administer Extreme Unction, or something of the sort, to the dying captain. The screams of Mrs. Ross brought assistance, and the priest and his minions were ejected from the house. A vigilant watch was kept throughout the night, as it was expected another attempt would be made to obtain admittance. The authorities, we learn, are investigating into the circumstances of this extraordinary and scandalous case.—*Inverness Advertiser*.

Westminster Abbey yields to its Ecclesiastical Commissioners £30,000 a year; the dean receiving £2,000 and each canon £1,000 per annum. Why cannot all these great functionaries make it their business between them to properly remunerate the persons who perform that musical service without which the expensive clerical staff of Westminster would soon be conjugating the ugly verb "disestablish?"—*Musical Standard*.

The Paraguayan War is over. By the *City of Brussels* steamer, which arrived at Falmouth on Monday, we learn that the allies had gained an important victory. Count d'Eu, with the allied army, had taken Piribeiu and Ascuria. Lopez and Mrs. Lynch had fled. General Bareta was dead, and 1,500 Paraguayans were *hors de combat*. The Paraguayan Provisional Government had been formally installed. The war was at an end, and immense excitement prevailed in Buenos Ayres and Monte Video. Baron Mana (?) and the Monte Video Government had come to terms. There was great rejoicing and illuminations at Rio.

At the third and closing day's "thanksgiving services," presided over by Cardinal Cullen, in Dublin, twelve Roman Catholic bishops were present, with a large number of minor dignitaries. The Earl and Countess of Granard occupied prominent seats. The cathedral was crowded in every part. The *Freeman's Journal* says the spectacle was the most gorgeous and imposing ever witnessed in Ireland. For the first time the canons of the diocese were robed in their appropriate vestments, the presbyterial dignitaries wearing the chasuble, and the decanal and sub-decanal prebendaries being robed in dalmatics. His Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop, who was the celebrant at the mass, was robed in a splendid vestment, that literally blazed with gold. The Right Rev. Dr. Leahy, who preached the final sermon, made but slight reference to the Church Act. "It was," he said, "English and Scotch and Irish Protestants, impelled by a detestation of wrong, who carried the measure to a successful issue."

SCIENCE AND ART GOSSIP.

It is said that the recent experiments at Shoeburyness with Palliser shot made of inferior irons are likely to bear useful fruits, and that it is intended to use the large stores of old shot and shell of obsolete and defective patterns which exist at Woolwich and elsewhere, and to convert them into Palliser projectiles. The result will probably be a reduction of about one-half in the cost of the projectiles.

At the present time (says the *Athenæum*) there is an increasing employment by London journals of Parisian wood engravings. It will be remembered that London was the great school of wood engraving, and that the French school was greatly promoted by English instruction. One main cause assigned for the change of affairs, and we believe a true one, is the greater facilities enjoyed by the French workmen for acquiring true and liberal instruction in Art. This requires remedy.

The other day the daily newspapers copied from *Galignani* an account of a paper published in the *Bulletin de Thérapeutique* by Dr. Clersoy, in which the author praises arsenic as a remedy in pulmonary disease, and especially in hæmoptysis. The *British Medical Journal* notices the fact for the purpose of expressing regret that so injudicious an act should be committed by the well-informed men who conduct our daily periodical literature. If there is a remedy the administration of which requires careful watching on the part of the medical man, it is arsenic; and it is, to our view, very dangerous to lay before the public—prone as they are to doctor themselves—a virtual recommendation of the use of what is in many cases a useful, but may be also a treacherous drug.

Herr Reinsch, writing in the *Neues Jahrbuch für Pharmacie*, on how to render timber incombustible, says he experimented with various salts, and came to the conclusion, as the result of his experiments, that impregnating timber with a concentrated solution of rock-salt is as good, if not better, a preservative against its bursting into flame as water-glass (silicate of soda), while the price of the former salt is, of course, only a mere trifle; moreover, rock-salt thus applied to timber is a preservative against dry rot and noxious insects. The author recommends the use of salt water, that is to say, a solution of rock-salt of moderate strength for the use of fire-engines during a fire as by far more effective than water; but in order that the salt should not injure the working parts of the engines, they will immediately afterwards have to be played with fresh water.

In an article on hail and hail-storms, the *Scientific American* says the sleet which falls in cold weather, and, in some regards, resembles hail, is not genuine hail. If a granule or globule of sleet be examined, it will be found to be generally of uniform texture throughout, being simply an ice globule. A hailstone, on the contrary, is formed, generally, of alternate layers of ice and snow, arranged somewhat like the layers of an onion, around a white nucleus of snow. It is stated in the books that hail rarely occurs in the night. In our own experience, a hailstorm has *never*, to our knowledge, occurred at night. The combination of causes which produce hail is very imperfectly understood. There must, however, be contact of cold air with warm, moist air; but how the intense degree of cold necessary to change the condensed watery vapour into ice so rapidly is produced, is yet a mystery. All the theories yet put forth are based upon hypothesis, and it is difficult to see how facts can be obtained which will give a reasonable solution of the phenomenon. The freezing takes place at points inaccessible to man, and the lumps of ice are precipitated upon the earth frequently in such a manner and of such a size as to show that they must have fallen from high altitudes. The theories alluded to are so familiar to most of our readers that we will not dwell upon them, but will say in conclusion that the most plausible of them appears to us to be that of Redfield, which supposes the hot and cold airs to be mingled and carried to high and intensely cold regions by the action of a vortex or whirlwind, from whence the congealed moisture is precipitated in the form of hail.

ROYAL BIRMINGHAM SOCIETY OF ARTS.

EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS.

The stranger who has some knowledge of what has recently been doing in the Art world of the metropolis, but is more or less ignorant of the rapid progress of the Fine Arts proper in Birmingham, will experience a very agreeable surprise upon visiting the exhibition of paintings now open in New-street. He will, of course, be favourably impressed with the capitally-lighted and well-proportioned room, round which he looks, perhaps hesitatingly at first, but recognising some well-known faces on the walls he feels at once at home in their familiar presence. They introduce him to the surrounding company. The old friends may have had some differences of opinion when they first met—the stranger may have rudely taken exception to he particular flesh-tints, character of expression, high lights, or other idiosyncracies of the faces which now, however, have all the charm of intimate acquaintance, whose faults are forgotten in the flood of associations they recal.

The faults, nevertheless, are not any the less glaring. "Luther," as represented by Mr. Ward, will always look more like a cunning necromancer than the great Reformer, whose ideal appearance in the minds of modern readers must be one of more dignity than is here shown. "The Disgrace of Wolsey," by Mr. Pettie, clever as it undoubtedly is, will remind every one as forcibly as ever of a Christmas pantomine scene in which Payne the elder is performing one of his most graceful bows. Mr. Sandys' "Medea" will appear as ghastly as heretofore.

These and other familiars from Burlington House shine forth with their failings as evident as they were during the London season; others, enjoyable then and enjoyable always, afford even more delight now than they did at first sight, their beauties all the more pleasant to behold for being pleasures of memory realised again. Cole's glorious Sunset glows with the luscious warmth that gladden all beholders in the summer time. The stalwart figure of Adam Fleming in Mr. Archer's unequal and ungraceful picture of "Fair Helen" excites admiration and condemns, by contrast, the water and all that is done on the other side of it, both by gun and pencil. But the agreeable surprise that awaits the stranger in the Birmingham Exhibition Rooms is not only caused by meeting unexpectedly with objects already known to him; his attention is arrested by the display of local talent and the many admirable works in which it finds development. The landscapes of Burt and Henshaw are worthy of great praise. The two specimens of these artists (135 and 149) are at once instances of the good and bad qualities that characterise the productions of what may be termed the Birmingham School. The excellent colouring, general tone, and eclectic treatment of nature are in no slight degree jeopardised by the negligence, for it can be nothing else, of the figures and animals in the landscapes represented. This defect is common to all the local pictures shown this year, both oil and water colour. More especially is it remarkable in those by Ellis and Taylor, as well as in Horsley's effort to reproduce some of Creswick's effects of colouring.

It is a defect so easily rectified, and, on the other hand, a facility so readily acquired, that no painter who desires to excel, and who can excel so eminently as the two first representatives of the Birmingham School mentioned, should consider it lightly.

"The Ladder Bridge" is apparently a favourite study with Mr. Henshaw. He exhibits two drawings of it. In both the landscape on the right of the picture is superior in manipulation and treatment to the bridge itself, albeit the latter is a most characteristic object, and one that rejoices a painter's heart to contemplate.

Hanging near the landscapes by Burt and Henshaw is a picture by Lidderdale that well deserves examining. The figure "A Spanish Beggar" (163) has faults which, although justified by repetition in a specimen of Armitage (173) close at hand, are none the less objectionable; but the background against which the figure is standing is most marvellously real. The mortar partly crumbled away is depicted with all the minuteness and power of Pre-Raphaelitism, without any of the exaggeration of that exaggerated style.

Wandering round the large room the most remarkable contrast met with is that of the Sunset by Cole and Miss Mutrie's brilliant show of Italian flowers, (66) *Qui si vendono fiori*. Nothing is more grateful to the eye than this splendid display of colour; it is a sensuous gratification rather than intellectual, but for all that delightful to experience. The flowers are rendered the more pleasantly dazzling by the gorgeous, but mellower tones of the masterpiece next to them.

Miss Mutrie finds a fair competitor for the floral honours of the Exhibition in Miss Mary Vernon, who, although less vigorous in character, has a style essentially her own—a distinctive individuality always indicative of genius, in whatever branch of Art it shows itself.

The portraits in the large room are good, and those by the local artists especially so—in one or two instances superior to the rest, not including among the latter, Sant's attractive picture of Miss De Bunsen, but certainly Girardot's Carl Deichman (124).

As a canvas of great promise, showing as it does artistic feeling of the right sort, and much executive power, a Portrait (27) by W. Roden, jun., should not be overlooked. It is perhaps in character rather too academical, but otherwise very good—far better than (377) by the same Artist, which has all the appearance of having been designed and finished hastily, while the other is the result of thought and careful workmanship.

The portraits by Mr. F. G. Munns have character, although, as is notably the case in that of Mrs. Alfred J. Sutton, their harmony is sometimes spoiled by the introduction of a meretricious bit of colour. The green bow in this latter picture is too obtrusive, and therefore decidedly objectionable.

In the Water Colour contributions the local artists again most honourably distinguished themselves.

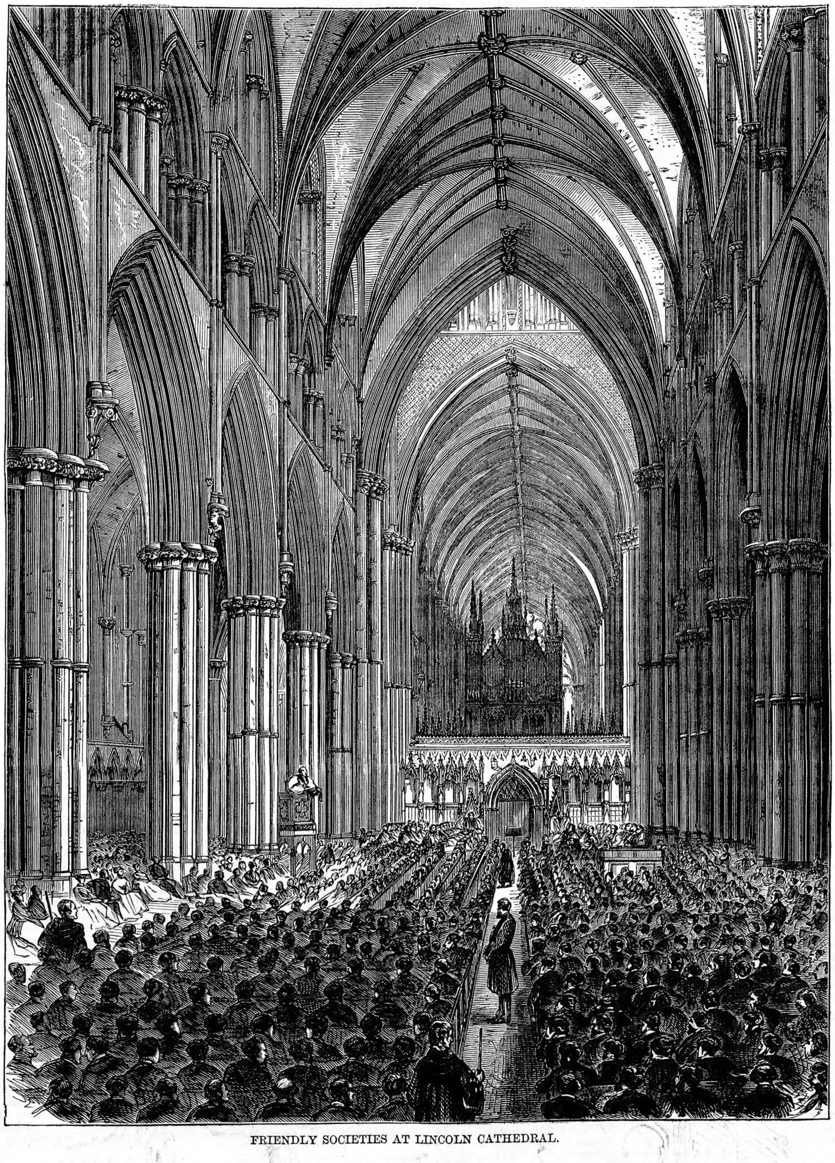
Mr. Steeple has sent some charming specimens, and it is most interesting to notice the influence his example exercises upon the artistic efforts of Georgina Steeple. His peculiarity of touch is at once observable in the drawings of the latter, although they lack the finish and freedom that can only come after long experience.

Mr. Radclyffe evinces much power in (462) "On the Beach," which is perhaps preferable as far as successful detail goes, to his other productions this year. Among the drawings by outsiders, as they may appropriately be called, those by Louise Rayner are admirable. The management of the perspective in the "Northgate-street, Chester" (531) by this artist is amazingly clever. The foreground of the picture is less pleasing than the delightful effects of atmosphere and blending outlines in the distance. The "Views in Edinbro'" (490 and 491) by the same are also excellent.

We would suggest some scenes in the Black Country both by day and night as offering capital subjects for this accomplished artist's delineation. It is surprising that such a field of characteristic effects has been so long allowed to lie fallow by our draughtsmen, who are supposed to be always in search of novelty in the picturesque.

J. Hardy, jun. is realising the expectations of those who have watched his progress and produces many water colours, not the least the most successful among them being one called the "Fern Gatherers" (545).

In this hasty glance at the pictures we have omitted to call attention to many deserving notice. As a collection of works of art the Exhibition is well worth visiting; as including a large number of pictures by artists resident in Birmingham it is an honour to the capital of the Midland Counties.



FRIENDLY SOCIETIES AT LINCOLN CATHEDRAL.

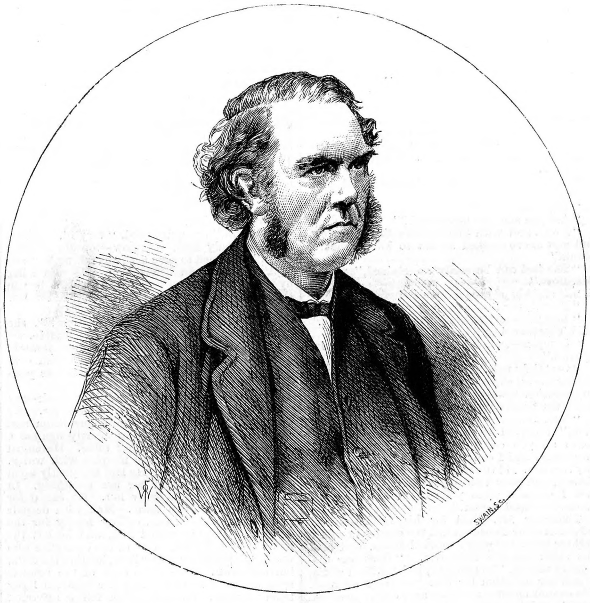
FRIENDLY SOCIETIES AT LINCOLN CATHEDRAL.

Lincoln Cathedral, one of the finest specimens of church architecture extant, was on Sunday week the scene of a very gratifying gathering—the members of the various Friendly Societies of Lincoln attending Divine Service there in the afternoon. Although the weather was very unfavourable, several of the lodges assembled on the Castle Hill, and from thence marched to the Cathedral, the seats being arranged in the nave. The number of persons present was estimated at 3,000. The Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Lincoln, the Very Rev. the Dean, and other dignitaries were present, and the Mayor and several members of the Corporation attended, and occupied the seats reserved for them. The prayers were intoned by the Revs. H. W. Hutton and G. T. Harvey; and the lessons were read by the Rev. Prebendary Wilde. The choir was materially augmented by ladies and gentlemen connected with the various church choirs in the city, and the musical service was effectively rendered, the choir-master of the Lincoln Church Choral Union (Mr. Smith) assisting in the arrangement of the voices. The service was as follows:—Psalm lxv., J. M. W. Young; do. lxvi., J. B. Dykes; do. lxvii., Camidge; Magnificat, Purcell; Nunc Dimittis, from Chartres Cathedral. The anthem was "O Lord, Thou art great," the music being composed by Mr. Young (organist) for the recent festival of the Church Choral Union. The hymn before the sermon was "Jerusalem, thou city fair and high," from "The Choral Book for England." The Rev. Mr. Massingberd preached an admirable sermon from St. John xvii. 21:—"That they may all be one; as Thou, Father art in me, and I in Thee, that they also may be one in us, that the world may believe that thou hast sent me." A collection was made in aid of the Dispensary, which amounted to upwards of £30. After the choir had sung the hymn "Saviour, again to thy blest name we raise," the Bishop pronounced the benediction, and the congregation dispersed. Our illustration represents the interior of the Cathedral during the service.

Admiral Douglass Curry has died suddenly at his residence, Shottery Hall, near Stratford-on-Avon. Whilst walking in his garden, in his usual health, he was seized with fainting, fell into the arms of his butler, and died immediately. Disease of the heart is supposed to have been the cause of death.

LORD LYTTELTON.

Few men in the provinces command a wider feeling of respect than the nobleman whose portrait we engrave this week. The Right Hon. George William Lyttelton, son of the third baron, was born in the year 1817 in London. He graduated in 1838, in the highest classical honours, at Trinity College, Cambridge. Possessed of a true scholarly mind, the bent of Lord Lyttelton's inclination has been rather towards social than political subjects, although the latter have had at different times his earnest attention. From January to July 1846 he was Secretary of State for the Colonies, a position for which he was well qualified, from his knowledge of matters pertaining to our foreign possessions. But Lord Lyttelton's efforts have been chiefly directed towards the improvement and diffusion of education. To him, as was recently publicly stated by the Principal, Saltley College mainly owes its foundation and permanent establishment. In all social matters calculated to benefit the community at large, Lord Lyttelton has shown a deep interest. His most recent effort in this direction has been the successful attempt to establish a Servants' Home for Worcestershire, the head-quarters of which are at the county town. As a Magistrate and a leading member of the Court of Quarter Sessions for his county, the noble Lord has evinced a desire to assist the ratepayers in all just demands. He is Lord-Lieutenant of Worcestershire, and High Steward of Bewdley, a picturesque little town which gained an unenviable notoriety during the last General Election. We have referred to Lord Lyttelton's efforts in the cause of education. In 1861-3 he was a member of the Parliamentary Commission appointed to enquire into the management of our Public Schools, and did good service in that capacity. He is said to be the best Greek scholar of the day—no small credit in this age of learning. He has made great efforts to extend the Episcopate. Lord Lyttelton has been twice married, the second time only a few months ago, and he has a large family by his first wife. One of his sons (the Hon. C. G. Lyttelton) is a Member for the Eastern Division of Worcestershire, and promises to become not only a popular but a speaking Member. Socially, Lord Lyttelton is much beloved. He resides at Hagley, Worcestershire, the greater part of the year, and is frequently visited by his relative the present Premier and his family. Our engraving is from a photograph by Mr. Archer Clarke, of Stourbridge.



LORD LYTTELTON.

A CHANNEL TUNNEL.

Men familiar with this description of work, says the *Builder*, look with a sort of amused surprise at the rose-coloured statements which from time to time appear in the public journals as to a "Channel Tunnel." They do not say that such a work is impossible; they do not even care to form a distinct opinion on that head; but they are very well contented with the applicability of the proverb "*Le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle.*" It is proposed, as caution is always desirable in engineering matters, that a drift-way should just be run under the Channel, in the first instance, to prepare the way for the tunnel. The suggestion is at once economical, prudent, and practical. Let us suppose a drift-way to be run, some 5 ft. or 6 ft. high and wide. Is it to be timbered, or arched, or lined with iron? As the meeting from the two ends would be a thing forbidden by the calculus of probabilities, it will have to be worked from one extremity. As we get on—say, beyond the twentieth mile—how will the miners be sent in to their daily work; how supplied with air, or with materials; how will the excavated chalk be sent back to land? Galleries in chalk are infested, as miners are well aware, with choke-damp. What would be the quantity of choke-damp that would exude from 280,000 superficial yards of chalk surface (when the drift-way had advanced only twenty miles), and how would it be withdrawn? Water infiltrates through chalk. A very small head of water will cause infiltration for a considerable distance. Where bands of flint occur they act like layers of sponge. All the wells in Strood, within a considerable distance of the Thames and Medway Canal, were rendered salt by infiltration through the chalk when the brackish water of the Medway was admitted into the canal, and the company had to pay, and did pay, heavy damages in consequence. What would be the infiltration through the grey chalk due to the pressure of the water of the Channel? What would be the difference between the exudation from the 280,000 yards of surface at high tide and at low tide? How would the water, on the most modest estimate of its rate of infiltration (which, by-the-by, would increase *de die in diem*) be removed? A few of these practical questions must be answered before we can undertake to speak with any idea of serious investigation as to the prospects of the Channel tunnel.

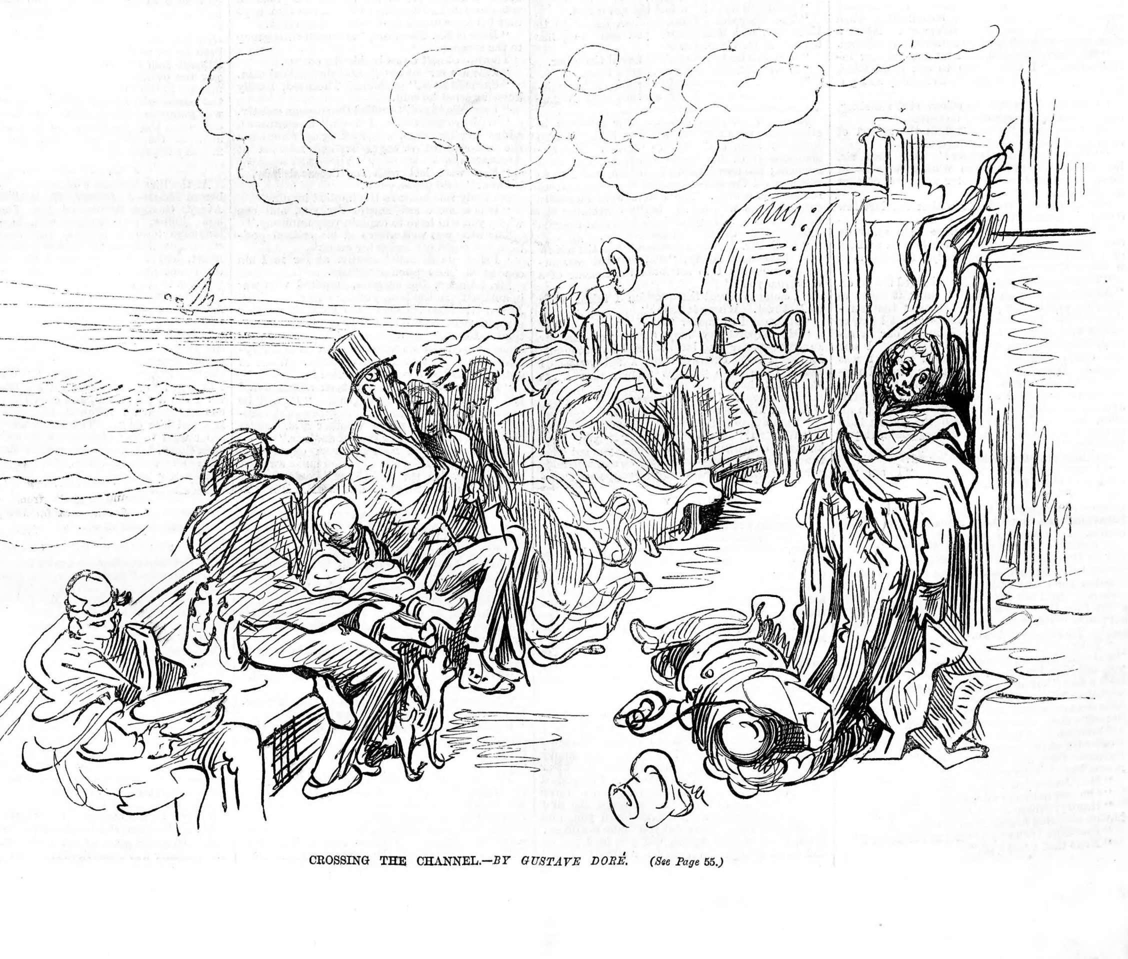
THE PRINCE IMPERIAL ON A VELOCIPEDE.

The Prince Imperial promises to be an accomplished athlete. He fences well, is a first-rate boxer, a dauntless horseman, and has lately become an expert velocipedist. A large space just inside the private gardens of the Tuileries has been prepared for his use, and crowds often collect at the garden gates to see the young rider and his youthful companions exercising their new hobby horses. The Prince rides at a tremendous pace and sits quietly, the rapidity of motion causing him apparently very little effort to accomplish. The Parisians, fond of nicknaming everything, insist upon calling bicycles when in use, more or less appropriately, *Vélocibêtes.*

Our engraving shows the exact spot where the "ride" has been formed. They who are acquainted with the public gardens of the Tuileries will at once recognise the locality by the fountain and obelisk in the background. The Emperor and Empress are watching the riders, and the spectators behind the sentinels have a full view of Royalty in private life.

On Friday, Flag Captain Seccombe, of Her Majesty's ship *Mersey*, went on board Her Majesty's ship *Scorpion*, at Queenstown, with orders for her to proceed to Bermuda. The ship's company at once rushed on deck and protested firmly against going, as after the recent cruise they did not think her seaworthy. The matter has been referred to the Admiralty.

Bridges for Street Crossings.—We see by the last number of the London *Builder* that steel bridges for the crossings in that city are talked of. We hope they may like them when they get them, but whether made of steel or iron, stone or wood, New York has had enough of the bridges. The bridges proposed are to span the streets 18ft. above the carriage way, which, at the lowest computation, would make 48 steps up and down, a most agreeable thing to contemplate for weak knees in hot weather, or when the steps are covered with ice. Some have suggested that if these bridges were built the people would not use them. We have had it demonstrated that they would not, and if the Londoners are wise, they will take a leaf from our experience and drop all further consideration of bridge crossings.—*Scientific American.*



CROSSING THE CHANNEL.—*BY GUSTAVE DORÉ.* (*See Page 55.*)

EFFIE.

A STORY IN THREE PARTS.

BY WALTER MAYNARD.

PART II.

The time passed wearily with Effie at Holloway. Vainly she endeavoured to explain the strange conduct of Arthur Thornton. In no way could she account for the discontinuance of his letters, which used daily to be such a solace to her in his absence.

Mr. and Mrs. Cole treated her with great ceremony and formal respect—they seemed to be more or less afraid of her.

With Mr. Cole this sense of deference wore away after the first two days. The third time they dined together he asked permission to place the brandy on the table, and brought the black bottle out of a cupboard in spite of his wife's angry remonstrances. From all appearances Mr. Cole had seen the bottle several times already that day. Friends had been in to lunch, and he had entertained them in the back room which he called his office—an apartment in most private houses designated the study.

He was very irritable and made rude answers to his wife when she objected to his proceedings.

"It is better than wine, Miss Jenner," he said, speaking thickly, "and I am sure you don't mind us making ourselves at home and drinking what we like." He chuckled over his own joke, filled a bumper, and drank it off. An altercation then arose between the host and hostess, the latter having laid hands on the brandy, which her good man tried to retain in his own possession. The quarrel became serious, and did not end until Mrs. Cole, who luckily was strong in the arm, led her husband forcibly up to bed.

To one of Effie's gentle nature life at Holloway was simply intolerable, and deriving no benefit from such change of scene, she wrote to Mrs. Jenner, and begged she would come and fetch her home.

Meanwhile Arthur Thornton was searching for her untiringly. He wrote a guarded letter to Miss Collings, asking when he might hope to see Miss Jenner. The letter in due course was brought by her confidential servant to Mrs. Jenner, and opened. Without any reason being given Miss Collings was made to write to Mr. Thornton, and say that Miss Jenner was away and not likely to return for some time. Arthur Thornton consulted his mother, and told her all the circumstances connected with the engagement, and the subsequent treatment he had received. The lady upbraided him for neglecting the widow in preference for the step-daughter, and was only pacified on learning how the late Mr. Jenner had bequeathed his property.

"There is but one suspicious fact in the whole affair, and that is the desire for secrecy expressed by the young lady," she remarked, having taken time to consider the case.

"That is explained by her love for her father, and not wishing to marry until a certain time after his death—a caprice probably—but not an unreasonable one," replied Arthur Thornton eagerly. It was agreed that Mrs. Thornton should see Mrs. Jenner, and learn every possible particular of Effie's supposed extraordinary disappearance.

Thornton called again at Mr. Burt's chambers. The barrister was in town. He had concluded his business in the country sooner than he had expected, and was engaged in consultation when the new client sought an interview. After a short delay Arthur Thornton obtained an audience.

"Mr. Burt," he said, without any further introduction, "I have come to ask a question, which I trust you will answer as frankly as I put it to you."

"Certainly," replied the other, still standing, and motioning Thornton to be seated.

Mr. Burt, at a loss to explain the reason of such an enquiry, repeated the question.

"'Where is Miss Jenner?' My dear sir, how should I know? From what I have heard lately you should be the better informed of that lady's movements."

"Have you not seen her within the last few days?" continued Thornton.

"Most assuredly not. I have been away on some business connected with the family, and am only just returned; consequently I have not been in Eaton Place quite recently."

"It is most inexplicable," exclaimed the other. "As between man and man I think it right to tell you, and I hope you will respect the confidence"—Mr. Burt bowed assent—"that I am, or rather was, engaged to Miss Jenner; our betrothal, at her request, was kept a secret. I saw her daily, and we corresponded while I was abroad. When I came back and presented myself at the house she was denied me. She has since replied to none of my letters. I saw Mrs. Jenner, and was told by her you had made an offer, had been accepted, and the young lady having disappeared, had, it was supposed, eloped with you."

Mr. Burt stared with astonishment.

"Now," continued Thornton, "I am not ashamed to own that I love Effie Jenner too sincerely to allow our engagement to be broken off without some clearer explanation of her strange behaviour than that I have hitherto been able to obtain. From what I have seen of you during our desultory acquaintance, I believe you will tell me the truth as to your relations with the young lady, and will not hesitate to do so when I assure you that should you have been so fortunate as to gain her love at my expense, I shall retire from the scene without uttering a word of reproach, or questioning your right to supplant me." Thornton sat down.

"Your candour flatters me," said Mr. Burt, "and will, I think, prove advantageous to both you and Miss Jenner. It is not usual to confess such a fact; but as we stand I cannot do otherwise than tell you that I did make a proposal to Miss Jenner, which was declined. She told me her affections were already engaged. She did not mention your name; but from seeing you so frequently at the house I suspected you were my fortunate rival, and envied your happiness. What reason have you for supposing she has eloped?"

"Mrs. Jenner has told me as much."

"Can you not have mistaken her meaning?"

"Hardly; there is no doubt of Miss Jenner having absented herself from her home."

"Has there been any quarrel in the house?"

"None that I know of."

"And was I mentioned as the person with whom she had gone away?" asked the barrister, pointedly.

"Indirectly."

"Are you certain?"

"So far certain that it was said you had both left town together."

Mr. Burt rose and strode up and down the room. The case evidently interested him deeply. "There is either some conspiracy against Miss Jenner," he said, after some minutes of profound thought, "or she has played you false in favour of a more successful opponent than I was."

Both the men remained silent. Arthur Thornton doubting alternately Effie and Mr. Burt—the latter endeavouring to think out and solve the enigma so suddenly brought before him.

"Is there reason to suppose that any one has a motive in keeping Miss Jenner out of the way?" he at length asked, looking on the ground.

"What reason could there be except her preference for another man than myself?" replied Thornton.

"Difficult to say—Mrs. Jenner could have none?"

"None that I know of."

"Are you sure she has eloped?"

"I was, and with you—before this interview, but now am so amazed as not to know what to think."

"The fact can be easily ascertained," replied Mr. Burt.''

"It shall be as soon as I leave here."

"Do nothing that will compromise the lady."

"Is it necessary to caution me in that respect?" said Thornton angrily.

"I mean—excite no suspicion by your inquiries."

"Certainly not. I shall insist on Mrs. Jenner telling me all she knows, and shall inform her of my position towards Effie, so that my right to learn the truth may be undisputed."

"Mrs. Jenner is the only source of information," observed the barrister. "See her and learn all you can. If any further pursuit be necessary, and I can assist you, pray command my services. If the rumoured elopement be confirmed, and your rival declare himself, you will not I suppose press your claim to the young damsel's consideration."

Thanking Mr. Burt for his frankness and advice Arthur Thornton left the chambers with a lighter heart but more puzzled brain, and bent his steps towards Belgravia. "Burt was distinctly named," he reflected, as he walked along, "and her affection for him positively asserted. He cannot be such a villain as to have deceived me;" and he clenched his fists and shuddered involuntarily.

Mrs. Jenner was seated in her boudoir sorting a quantity of letters that were in a drawer she had removed from the writing table. She looked ill, and frequently desisted from her occupation as though in pain. From a phial she poured some drops into a wine glass, and adding some water, drank the mixture. "An overdose would kill me, and then there would be an end to this misery," she said, putting the glass away from her.

"I have not courage enough to take it, and yet nothing to live for," she continued, sorting the letters, destroying many, placing others aside.

Miss Collings entered.

"Miss Jenner writes to say she wishes me to send for her," said the widow.

"Shall you do so?" asked the governess.

"This afternoon I think you had better go to Holloway, and if necessary you can bring her home," replied Mrs. Jenner

"You will be left alone," observed the other.

"It will not matter for so short a time.

Miss Collings accordingly started on her mission. It was during her absence that Arthur Thornton reached Eaton Place.

He asked for Mrs. Jenner. The servants in attendance were not sure whether their mistress could be seen, and went to inquire. The announcement of his name unnerved her for a moment; she trembled with emotion, and had to summon all the self-command she possessed to receive him calmly. The letters were hurriedly concealed, as well as the bottle containing the poisonous drug. Her confidential servant ushered Thornton into the boudoir and retired.

"Well, Mr. Arthur Thornton," said the widow with ill-assumed gaiety, "and to what extraordinary cause am I to attribute the honour of a visit from you?"

"I came to repeat the question I asked when we last met. Where is Effie?"

"How am I to know?"

"My importunity may amuse you and my anxiety surprise you, but both will be accounted for and I hope excused when I tell you, as I should have done perhaps sooner, that I am affianced to her."

"I am aware of it," she remarked.

Arthur Thornton looked surprised.

"I am aware of it and sorry for you."

"Why so?" he continued, "if you have known of our engagement, why have you not tried to remove the strange barrier which now separates us? There is no truth in the supposed elopement, and it was cruel to allow such a rumour to go abroad. Mr. Burt was not accepted by Effie."

"How do you know?"

"I have seen him."

Mrs. Jenner raised her hands to her head as though seized with sudden frenzy; her eyes filled with tears; in a few minutes the paroxysm subsided, and she recovered herself. Thornton was too intent upon his own thoughts to make more than a passing allusion to the transient symptoms: he felt, moreover, bitterly towards the lady.

"Has it been kind of you," he said, "to make no effort to bring us together? Have you never known what it is to love and be separated from the one you loved?"

Mrs. Jenner started up.

"Arthur Thornton, I can bear this agony no longer," she exclaimed. "Love! You know I have loved. What a wealth of love have I lavished upon an unworthy object! I married for money—yes, and steeled my heart against the utter desolation that alliance brought me. I cherished my love in silence and despair. Since those long bygone days when you whispered the first fond words I ever heard, I have loved you, and worshipped you. Why did you make me do so? Why, when we met again, did you lead me on and foster a hope never to be realized? Love! No woman in the world ever felt the torture that unrequited love brings with it as I have. You have debased me—you have made me guilty of more despicable actions than were ever yet thought of by any woman with a spark of honour in her breast. Madly, for your sake, I have sought to ruin the girl I should have protected. For your sake, urged by the insane hope of possessing your affection, I have conspired against her. But she shall be avenged. For what I have done I myself will beg her pardon."

Exhausted by this burst of passion Mrs. Jenner sank back into the chair. Arthur Thornton attempted to speak, but she roused herself at the sound of his voice. "I will hear nothing," she said faintly. "Here—here are the letters," and she tried the drawer in which she had hastily placed the papers. "Blackett has the keys," she said, and walked, or rather tottered, towards the door, which she opened and closed after her. She re-entered the room from the drawing room almost immediately, and proceeded to unlock the drawer. As she took the first packet of letters in her hand and was giving them to Thornton, a sudden change came over her.

"You are ill," he exclaimed, greatly alarmed at her appearance.

"Very ill," she murmured, "very ill, Arthur, and have only lived—till now—to—die in your arms." He tried to save her from falling, but she sunk on the ground before him. He seized her by the wrists and endeavoured to re-place her in the chair. She struggled with him, and threw her arms about his kneck.

"Arthur—my own—my dear one!" she gasped, and her words became unintelligible.

Thornton, aghast, sought to move her towards a couch. In the efforts made her hair fell over her face; she became insensible, and was ponderous in his arms.

"My God!" he cried, "Nelly! speak—say what has happened to you!" No answer. He tried in vain to lift her—a strong convulsion and she eluded his grasp, falling heavily against a projecting foot of the writing table. Dismayed and terrified he bathed her temples with water. She gave no sign of life. He laid her gently upon the carpet and listened for her breathing. In vain. What to do he knew not. He called for assistance but no one came. Mad with despair he rushed from the room, calling loudly for the servants. None answered him, and he left the house to seek for aid. One of the domestics who was employed in an upper floor, hearing the cries, hurried down. Seeing the door of the boudoir open she went in and found her mistress lying upon the floor. She ran for her fellow servants, who were at the time below stairs. One and all hastened to learn the cause of the commotion. The nearest medical man was sent for. Meanwhile fruitless remedies were used. When the surgeon came he declared life extinct. On examination, traces of violence were found on Mrs. Jenner's wrists; marks of the fingers of a strong hand were distinctly visible—her forehead was bruised, her hair dishevelled, and the odour of poison was detected in her mouth.

"Who was the last person with this lady?" asked the surgeon.

"Mr. Arthur Thornton," replied the confidential servant. "I left him with my mistress about half an hour ago."

"And where is he?"

"Gone!" replied all.

At this juncture Thornton came into the room; being unsuccessful in his search for medical assistance he had hastened back in the vain hope that his fears might have been exaggerated.

"Here is Mr. Thornton," said one of the group to the surgeon.

Thornton knelt down beside the corpse.

"This is a serious case," said the medical man.

"She still lives," exclaimed Thornton, hardly knowing what he said.

"I am afraid not," replied the surgeon quietly.

"We have met before, I think," he continued, addressing Thornton, who, looking up, recognised the red-bearded stranger he had rebuked at Ascot.

"You were last with the deceased lady, I believe?" said the surgeon.

No reply was made to the implied inquiry.

"It is a most sad matter for you, and one which you will have to explain very minutely."

Thornton was well aware of his critical position, but could not brook the remark.

"I shall do so satisfactorily, as far as I am concerned," he replied haughtily.

Mr. Langley, the surgeon, inquired who was in authority in the house, and hearing that Miss Jenner and Miss Collings were both absent took upon himself the responsibility of giving instructions. He sent for William Jenner, and on his arrival urged the importance of Arthur Thornton's being kept under surveillance. While in authority he had a constable called in.

"Poison has undoubtedly been administered and violence used," he argued. "It will be necessary to have every circumstance most carefully examined, to prove whether Mrs. Jenner died by her own hand or that of another."

Arthur Thornton learning from one of the household that Effie was expected home awaited her coming. In spite of the surgeon's caution William Jenner received him with his accustomed welcome.

Mr. Burt hearing of the sad event quickly came to the house, and was told by Thornton all the details of the interview.

"The rooms must be searched, and I doubt not but that ample evidence will be forthcoming to exculpate you."

"No one surely suspects me!" exclaimed Thornton, horror-struck at the idea conveyed.

"I do not, of course," replied the barrister, "and we must prove the truth of your assertions by indisputable evidence."

Effie returned. Her brother broke the news to her as gently as he could.

"Will you see Arthur Thornton?" he asked.

"I cannot at present," she replied.

Effie had taken refuge in Miss Collings's room. It was there William Jenner saw her.

He did not press her to meet Thornton that evening; not yet knowing the relations between them he did not recognise any necessity for doing so.

The cause of the death was still a mystery to Arthur Thornton. A second medical man who had been called in corroborated the opinion that poison had been used, but as yet no trace of any had been found in the room. Diligent search was made. William Jenner and Miss Collings examined all the drawers and recesses, but only succeeded in finding many letters, papers, and other documents, which tended to render the mystery still more difficult to explain. Letters belonging to Thornton and Effie were discovered. Neither of the searchers knew how they came into the keeping of the deceased lady.

Convinced of Thornton's innocence Mr. Burt offered to advise him during the impending inquiry in the event of his requiring any legal assistance.

"There is no knowing what questions may arise," he said; and, situated as you are, it will be desirable that some professional man should be at your elbow. I will look after you."

Thornton expressed his gratitude to the friend whom he had so wrongfully suspected of acting an unworthy part towards him. Although he had been refused by the girl he loved, Mr. Burt bore his successful rival no ill-will.

He advised Thornton to refrain for the present from making any advance towards an interview with Effie.

"Considering all circumstances you had better remain quiet," he said. "The lady should have seen you at once; excuses are, however, to be made for her, although she has unquestionably committed an error of feeling, if not of judgment in this instance."

(To be continued.)

THE POLICE COURTS.

SERVANTS' "LARKS."

At the Clerkenwell Police-court, Jessie Matthews, 15, and Mary Ann Matthews, 18, sisters, were charged on remand with stealing from a house in Camden-road, St. Pancras, a quantity of clothing, value £30, the property of their mistress, Mrs. Bond. Mary Ann was in the service of Mrs. Bond, and when she left her sister Jessie took her place. One Sunday, while the prosecutrix was at church, the girls placed a ladder against her bedroom window, and stole a large quantity of wearing apparel and some jewelry. Jessie then arranged with another girl, named Plumbridge, to pay a visit to Highbury Barn. Both girls went, decked out in the most costly attire,; and Jessie paid all expenses, including cab hire, wine, brandy, and other refreshments. They danced with several gentlemen, whom they casually met. At length Jessie became so intoxicated that her companion with difficulty got her home, and, finding the door shut, Jessie climbed over the area and entered by the kitchen window. When Mrs. Bond taxed the girl with the robbery, she confessed her crime. The jewelry had been pledged, but was redeemed and restored by the prisoner's mother. Mr. Cooke committed both prisoners for trial.

GETTING UP A BOOK!

At the Marlborough-street Police-court, Henry Bate Dudley Jessop, describing himself as a clergyman, of Montague-street, Russell-square, was charged before Mr. Knox with being drunk and disorderly. P.C. Isaac said he saw the defendant, drunk and disorderly, shouting at the top of his voice in Oxford-street, having a row with two women, who said the defendant had struck them. He tried to get the defendant away, and as he could not he took him to the station. Mr. Knox asked the defendant whether he wished to say anything. The defendant said he had been to the Argyle Rooms, and on returning home he was stopped by two women and struck by them, and he struck in return. He had been in an asylum some time, and when struck it made him violent. Sergeant Watson said he saw the defendant behaving in a very eccentric manner in the Haymarket. The defendant said the reason why he was going about was that he was going to write a book. Mr. Knox told the defendant that the best thing he could do was to abandon the idea, and fined him 40s., or a month's imprisonment.

A STREET RUFFIAN.

At the Birmingham Police-court on Saturday, before Messrs. J. Jaffray, W. Holliday, and T. Avery, George Brown, of 136, Thimble-Mill-lane, joiner, was charged with using obscene language towards a little girl, named Selina Simmonds, living at the back of a house in Lupin-street, and with assaulting James Watt, Newtown-row, grocer. The statement of the little girl was to the effect that she was walking that morning in Lister-street, when the prisoner made some indecent remarks to her. Watt said that, seeing the little girl crying, and some men asking her what was the matter, he stopped, and she pointed out the prisoner, who was running, as having insulted her. He thereupon ran after the prisoner, who said to him, "Don't touch me, let me go;" and he replied, "I'll run after you till I see a policeman, and then I'll give you in charge." Watt followed the prisoner, who knocked him down. The words which the prisoner used to the little girl were not stated in open Court, but were written down from her lips and shown to the prisoner. On seeing them he vehemently protested that he had never used them, and said he had sisters of his own, and always respected children. The Bench considered the offence proved, and sentenced the prisoner to three weeks' hard labour.

THE CASE OF CAPTAIN CRAIG.

At Bow-street, Captain Craig, the ex-governor of Pentonville Prison, was again placed at the bar, on the charge of having embezzled moneys received for prison labour. Mr. Poland, for the Treasury, added some formal evidence to the depositions, and then called Inspector Shore, who deposed to a statement made by the prisoner while being conveyed to London from Liverpool after his apprehension upon the present charge. The prisoner said that he thought, before absconding, it would have been best to have told Captain O'Brien the worst, but his friends advised him otherwise, and he was anxious to save his family the disgrace which the public exposure of his defalcations would have brought upon them. He further stated that he should not have returned from America but for the entreaties of his wife and children, who were almost starving. Mr. Abrams, for the prisoner, said his client would save all trouble by pleading "Guilty" to the charge. The Court was probably aware that the whole of the defalcations had been made good by the prisoner's sureties. The prisoner was committed for trial.

NOTES ON THE JOURNALS.

Liberty of the Press, which we prize so much in this country, is unknown in Russia. The censorship in the land of the Czar is an unpleasant fact. And there is a rumour that it is to be made more severe. A new press regulation just issued at St. Petersburg "forbids newspapers to publish any extracts from literary periodicals, on the ground that the latter often contain matter which, though it may be harmless when read by educated persons, is very prejudicial to the masses." When will the Emperor of all the Russias see fit to release journalism from such thraldom and journalists from such insult? Every newspaper sent into Russia is at the tender mercies of the Post Office and other officials, who cut out and steal as they like. A wise monarch has nothing to fear, and everything to gain, from a free Press. When thought is shackled it is a sign that there is "something rotten in the State." The same letter which brought us this information refers to the corruption of the Russian officials. Money sent through the post is frequently lost, "and a committee of inquiry now sitting has discovered that many of the Post-Office officials have for years been in the habit of opening all letters which appeared to contain money, and destroying them after abstracting their contents." It appears that you only have to be a thief to be, if not rewarded, at least complimented, even though your light-fingeredness has got you into trouble. The other day a man named Werderoffskey, who was sentenced to banishment in Siberia, was banquetted before he left, and several of his friends accompanied him on the road! The lucky thief took with him "a man cook and a numerous suite of servants."

The happily obsolete Yankee, whom we have been taught to regard as the advocate of "rowdyism," would rejoice could he know that he has an apt pupil in an English lady-visitor, who has been demonstrating her approval of the goodly practice of "cowhiding" a real or fancied enemy. It has been left to Miss Elise Holt, lately an actress at the Strand Theatre, London, to show the San Fr̂anciscans how an Englishwoman can hold the cowhide *in terrorem* over the head of a newspaper editor whose criticism Miss Holt had, it seems, found "unsatisfactory." We have only the briefest particulars of the affair at present; shortly we may expect full details. It appears that Miss Holt "called four times at the office of the *San Francisco News Letter* for the purpose of administering a thrashing to Mr. Marriott, the editor." That gentleman did not happen to be at his office, so a *rencontre* was avoided.

Mr. R. W. Drake, of Oatlands Lodge, Surrey, upon whom the honour of knighthood has just been conferred by the Queen, had previously received tokens of esteem from several foreign Courts. The King of Italy created him a Commander of the order of St. Maurizio and St. Lazzaro; he was awarded the Order of the Medjidieh, in 1868, by the Sultan of Turkey; and the Order of Knighthood of the Iron Crown was bestowed upon him by the Emperor of Austria. Sir William Drake is also favourably known by his contributions to art-history and archœological literature. He is now the representative of the ancient family of "Drake of Ash," near Barnstaple, Devonshire. The newly-created knight (who is nephew, on the maternal side, to Sir James Hamlyn, Bart., Clovelly Court, North Devon), is best known as a member of the firm of Bircham, Dalrymple, and Drake, Parliamentary solicitors, and, especially to his profession, Sir W. Drake's social promotion is a matter of great satisfaction.

There lately died the Editor of a famous paper—a journal which we could not do without, but which comparatively few people read. It has no leading articles, political, religious, or social; contains none of those miscellaneous items which make up every other weekly newssheet; you might as well look for an essay on philosophy in *Punch*, as for a literary or dramatic review in the paper to which this Note refers. It is published twice a week, on Tuesday and Friday; and this being said the intelligent reader will have rightly guessed that the name of this singular journal is the *London Gazette*, for editing which the Government have been paying the handsome salary of £1,200 a-year. There is nothing to do for the money either—all the work is transacted by clerks; and the post of editor has usually been conferred by the Government upon some deserving journalist who has got beyond his work. It is the only prize amongst the thousand and one journalistic blanks. This being so, we hear with regret that the Crown contemplates abolishing the sinecure. Mr. Bright thinks £1,200 might as well be in the treasury as out of it; his colleagues, however, think differently, and it is said that quite a fuss is being made about this journalistic *bonne-bouche* in Ministerial circles. Certain right honourable and honourable gentlemen are laudably earnest in their efforts to prevent the abolition of the post, and it is to be hoped they will be successful.

GOOD WORDS FROM GOOD BOOKS.

A righting of all the wrongs of ages: a solving of all moral problems by an unanswerable wisdom.—*Mrs. Stowe on the Judgment Day.*

A woman often thinks she is regretting the lover when she is only regretting the love.—*Madame D'Arconville on the Mistakes of Women.*

However dull a woman may be, she will understand all there is in love; however intelligent a man may be, he will never know but half of it. —*Madame Fee on Love.*

These men are all alike in this—they loved the *natural history* of man; not what he should be, but what he is, was the favourite subject of their thoughts.—*Margaret Fuller on Shakespeare, Cervantes, and Molière.*

The habit of dissipating every serious thought by a succession of agreeable sensations is as fatal to happiness as to virtue; for when amusement is uniformly substituted for objects of moral and mental interest, we lose all that elevates our enjoyment above the scale of childish pleasures. —*Miss Porter on Amusement.*

Before Anne Boleyn ascended the scaffold she sent her last message to the King, to thank him for the care he still took to contribute to her further elevation; for, said she, "From being a mere gentlewoman, you made me a marchioness, from a marchioness a queen, and from a queen you wish now to make me a saint."—*Anne Boleyn's last Message to the King.*

Virtues, when they stand alone, become vices. When we have learnt to keep our faults under, the next work is to keep our virtues even. If persons try to keep their virtues evenly balanced, they have large minds; but if they allow one to weigh down the rest, then they have narrow minds."—*Miss Sewell on Narrow-Mindedness.*

Every woman has a right to be of any age she pleases, for if she were to state her real age no one would believe her. Every woman who makes puddings has a right to believe she can make better pudding than any woman in the world. Every woman has a right to think her child the "prettiest little baby in the world," and it would be the greatest folly to deny her this right, for she would be sure to take it. Every young lady has a right to faint when she pleases, if her lover is by her side to catch her.—*Woman's Inalienable Rights.*

Do you ask what will educate your son? Your example will educate him; your conversation with your friends; the business he sees you transact; the likings and dislikings he hears you express—these will educate him. The society you live in will educate him; your domestic circle will educate him; above all, your rank, your situation in life, your home, your table, will educate him. It is not in your power to withdraw from him the continual influence of those things, except you were to withdraw yourself from them also. Education goes on at every instant of time; you can neither stop it nor turn its course. What these have a tendency to make your child, that he will be.—*Mrs. Barbauld on Education.*

Their father, the Rev. Patrick Bronté, had a peculiar method of placing his daughters under examination with masks on their faces. One day he made an experiment to test their powers of reflection and understanding. The youngest, a child about four years of age, was asked what a child like her most wanted. She answered, "Age and experience." The next was asked, what had best be done with her brother, who was sometimes a naughty boy. "Reason with him," she said, "and when he won't listen to reason, whip him." Charlotte, the author of "Jane Eyre," was asked, what was the best book in the world. "The Bible," she said, "and next to that, the Book of Nature." Another was asked, what was the best education for a woman; and she replied, "That which would make her rule her home well." Lastly, the oldest—about ten years of age—was asked what was the best mode of spending time? and she answered, "By laying it out for *eternity*."—*The Misses Brontés' Early Wisdom.*

My knight-errantry is at an end, and I believe I shall henceforward think freeing of galley-slaves and knocking down windmills more laudable undertakings than the defence of any woman's reputation whatever. To say truth, I have never had any great esteem for the generality of the fair sex; and my only consolation for being of that gender has been the assurance it gave me of never being married to any one among them. But, I own, at present, I am so much out of humour with the actions of Lady H—— that I was never so heartily ashamed of my petticoats before. My only refuge is the sincere hope that she is out of her senses; and, taking herself for the Queen of Sheba, and Mr. Mildmay for King Solomon, I do not think it quite so ridiculous. But the men, you may well imagine, are not so charitable, and they agree in the kind reflection that nothing hinders a woman from playing the fool but not having it in her power.—*Lady Mary Wortley Montague's Aversion to her Sex.*

"And how came you, madam," said Roger Ascham, finding Lady Jane Grey one day reading a learned book, "to this deep knowledge of pleasure; and what did chiefly allure you unto it?" "I will tell you," quoth she, "and tell you a truth which, perchance, ye will marvel at. One of the greatest benefits that God ever gave me is, that He sent me so sharp and severe parents and so gentle a schoolmaster. For when I am in presence either of father or mother, whether I speak, keep silence, sit, stand, or go, eat, drink, be merry or sad, be sewing, playing, dancing, or doing anything else, I must do it, as it were, in such weight, measure, and number, even so perfectly as God made the world, or else I am so sharply taunted, so cruelly threatened, yea, presently, sometimes with pinches, nips, and bobs, and other ways, which I will not name for the honour I bear them, so without measure misordered that I think myself in hell till the time comes that I must go to Mr. Elmer, who teacheth me so pleasantly, with such fair allurements to learning, that I think all the time nothing while I am with him. And thus my book hath been so much my pleasure, that in respect of it, all other pleasures in very deed be but trifles and trouble unto me." —*Lady Jane Grey's Praises of Learning.*

REGISTER OF BANKRUPTS.

Joseph Aldridge, Keeling-street, Tipton, Staffordshire, gentleman's gardener.

Robert Allburn, Lincoln, licensed victualler.

William Bignell, Belper, Derbyshire, coach builder.

Thomas Bradbury, Bailey-lane, Coventry, Warwickshire, late silk throwster.

J. Clay, Broad Marsh, Nottingham, dyer.

John Cockerill, New Bilton, Warwickshire, journeyman sawyer.

John Davies, Hall-street, Princes End, Tipton, Staffordshire, sheet iron shearer.

Nathaniel Henry Day, Longmore-street, Balsall Heath, Kings Norton, Worcestershire, watch dealer.

Henry Eldridge, High-street, Westbromwich, Staffordshire, schoolmaster.

Richard Ford, Wolverhampton, Staffordshire, auctioneer.

Edward Garraway, Broadwell, Gloucestershire.

George Hall, Billingborough, Lincolnshire, grocer.

William Hall, Lewis-street, Newton Heath, near Manchester, brass moulder.

Frederick John Horton, Richmond-place, Warstone-lane, Warwickshire, late retail brewer.

John Knight, Nuneaton, Warwickshire, cabinet maker.

Robert Marston, and Benjamin Garthwaite, Leicester, dyers.

William Morris, Dudley, Worcestershire, late charter-master.

Gilbert Reeson, jun., Kirton, Boston, Lincolnshire, potato merchant.

Francis Edward Shipley, Buckingham-street, Leicester, soda water manufacturer.

Herbert Topham, Osmaston-road, Derby, coal merchant.

John Barker, Loughborough, Leicestershire, builder.

Richard Blomer, High-street, Leominster, Hereford, painter.

W. Bowring, Dudley-street, Birmingham, labourer.

John Brownlow, jun., Belton, Lincolnshire, flax dealer.

T. Brownlow, Belton, Lincolnshire, flax dealer.

W. Brownlow, Belton, Lincolnshire, flax dealer.

Edmund Ella, Loughborough, Leicestershire, hairdresser.

Arthur Legassicke Fritche, Derby, timber broker.

Joseph Gazzard, late of Summer hill, Tipton, Staffordshire, galvaniser.

William Hardy, Grantham, Lincolnshire, cordwainer.

Robert Markham, Leverington, Cambridge, auctioneer.

Robert Meadowcroft, Kidsgrove, Staffordshire, grocer's assistant.

Robert Murrall, Blackheath, Rowley Regis, Staffordshire, blacksmith.

PARTNERSHIPS DISSOLVED.

Henry Towlson and Charles Turner, Nottingham, box manufacturers.—George Bagnall and William Lawrence Ball, Woodville, Derbyshire, common brewers and maltsters.—George Frederick Lyndon and Walter Allen Millward, Birmingham, manufacturers of bearings for shafting.—Thomas Sillito, Arthur Glover, Elijah Lingard, and Henry Todd, Bucknall, Stoke-upon-Trent, Staffordshire, coal masters.—William Garnett and William Lightfoot, Walsall, Staffordshire, saddlers' ironmongers.—Stephen Frearson Moss, Eastwood, Nottinghamshire, and John Belfield Clay, Ilkeston, Derbyshire, maltsters.—Thomas Bird, Robert Adnam, and Robert Povey, West Bromwich, Staffordshire, sword and bayonet manufacturers; so far as regards Thomas Bird.

MARKETS.

CORN.—London, Monday.—Last week's supply of foreign wheat and flour was heavy, of other grain moderate. The trade opened dull, and sales could only be made at a reduction of 1s. to 2s. per quarter. There was considerably less doing in foreign, and though Australian wheat brought the same money, American, Russian, and other descriptions were 1s. to 2s. lower. Business was inactive, and Norfolks, with other country marks, gave way 1s. per sack. The same reduction was noted in foreign, and barrels were fully 6d. lower. Town prices unaltered. The malt trade was again very slow, though nominally the same values were quoted.—Walsall, Tuesday.—The attendance was good; supplies large; but sales dull, at a decline of 1s. per quarter in the case of wheat. In other articles little or no alteration.

CATTLE. — Metropolitan Market, Monday.— Owing to the late tempestuous weather, the show of foreign stock was limited. For both beasts and sheep the trade was firmer, and prices had an upward tendency. From our own grazing districts the receipts were on a moderate scale, but in consequence of the small arrival from abroad were insufficient to meet the demand. Sales progressed steadily at an advance of 2d. per 8lbs. The show of sheep was small. Prices generally showed an improvement of 2d. per 8lbs. The best Downs and half-breds realised 5s. 6d. to 5s. 8d. per 8lbs. Calves in short supply and fair request, at full quotations. As regards pigs, prime small porkers steady in value, with a healthy inquiry; quietness was the feature of the trade.—Birmingham Smithfield Market, Tuesday.— There was an increase in the number of beasts on offer to-day, which met a steady demand. The supply of sheep was seasonably large. Sales progressed slowly; Thursday's quotations fully realised. The number of fat pigs was about the same as on Tuesday last. Demand fair. Beef, 5½d. to 7¼d. per lb.; mutton, 6¼d. to 7¾d. per lb.; bacon pigs, 11s. to 12s. per score; porket ditto, 11s. 6d. to 12s. 3d. per score.

HOPS.—London Borough Hop Market, Monday. —Unfavourable accounts have been received from the hop plantations. Picking is now general; but owing to the late gales the crop will fall short of previous expectations. A moderate quantity of new produce has come to market, for which the trade has been firm, at from £2 10s. to £7 per cwt. The import into London last week consisted of 16 bales from Rotterdam, 49 from Antwerp, 586 from New York, and 15 bales from Ostend.—Worcester September Fair, Monday.— This fair took place on Monday, in consequence of the 19th (the date upon which it should be held) occurring on Sunday. It is the principal fair of the year for hops, cattle, cheese, &c. The hops were not so plentiful as last year. About 350 pockets were on offer, 168 of which passed the scales. All these were new hops, as dealers would not look at the yearlings. The samples shown were well managed, and of very good quality. Prices were stiff, ranging from £5 to £7 10s; and as much as £8 was asked for the finer sorts. There was a good attendance of London and country dealers. During the week, previous to yesterday, 42 pockets of hops had been weighed, onlv two of which were old hops. The best qualities of cattle and fat sheep were extremely scarce; stores were tolerably plentiful, and there was a good supply of rams.

WOOL.—London, Monday.—The public sales of colonial wool were brought to a close on the 21st inst. Throughout their progress there has been a good attendance of buyers, both home and Continental, and large quantities have been taken for shipment to Belgium. Prices show an average advance of fully 1d. per lb.

HAY AND STRAW. — Birmingham Smithfield Market, Monday.—Old hay, £5 to £5 10s. per ton; new ditto, £4 to £4 10s. per ton; straw, 2s. 6d. to 2s 10d. per cwt.

Road-making in South Australia.—Very large sums of money have been spent on the main roads of this colony, which now possesses, perhaps, the finest roads in all Australia; and it is stated that the keeping of the road in repair will tax the revenue of the colony to the extent of £50,000 annually, and that a corresponding sum will be required for the construction of new roads. It is suggested that, where new country is to be opened up for agricultural purposes, it would be cheaper to construct light railways, with cheap macadamised roads as feeders, rather than to employ expensive metal throughout.

BIRTHS.

BATHO.—Sept. 21st, at Erdington, Mrs. Batho, of a daughter.

REECE.—Sept. 20th, at Oakfield Cottage, Edgbaston, the wife of W. H. Reece, solicitor, of a daughter.

MALINS.—Sept. 17th, at Cradley Health, the wife of Edward Malins, M.D., of a son.

OBITUARY.

BASSETT.—Sept. 20th, aged 65 years, Phœbe, the beloved wife of Thomas Bassett, of Ladywood-road.

PEARSALL.—Sept. 19th, aged 64 years, Benjamin Pearsall, professor of music, of Summer Hill Terrace, Birmingham.

SWIFT.—Sept. 19th, aged 37 years, Lydia Sophia, daughter of the late John Swift, surgeon, of Walsall. Friends will please accept this intimation.

HUGGINS.—Sept. 19th, at Fairfield Villa, Acock's Green, aged 16 years, Lucy Maria, the beloved daughter of William Huggins.

PARKES.—Sept. 19th, at Lyttelton House, Bristol Road, Birmingham, Mrs. Mary Parkes.

BIDDLE.—Sept. 19th, after a long illness of scarlatina, aged 3 years and 1 month, Mary Ann, the beloved and only daughter of William Biddle, of Latimer Street South, Birmingham.

PRIEST.—Sept. 19th, aged 9 months, Walter, the beloved child of Mr. John Priest, of Lodge-road, Harborne.

CAPENHURST. — Sept. 18th, aged 12 months, William John, the beloved son of Henry Capenhurst, of Tower Road, Aston Park; deeply regretted.

LANGEBEAR.—Sept. 18th, Robert, the eldest son of Robert Langebear, of the Hagley Road.

MORRIS.—Sept. 18th, aged 11 months, William Henry, youngest son of the late Samuel Morris, of Great Francis Street, Bloomsbury.

MORECROFT.—Sept. 17th, in his 75th year, Mr. Thomas Morecroft, Birmingham.

DARBY.—Sept. 17th, aged 6 years, William Henry, the beloved son of Mr. Samuel Darby, jeweller, of Guildford Street, Aston; deeply lamented.

DAVENPORT.—Sept. 17th, aged 4 days, Maria Branson, daughter of Thomas Davenport, Fern Hill, Wheeley's Road, Edgbaston.

HAWKINS.—Sept. 16th, aged 26 years, John Hawkins, cooper, of Burton-on-Trent; much respected.

SIMMONS.—Sept. 16th, after a long illness, in the 49th year of his age, William, second son of Mr. William Simmons, late of Stonnall; deeply regretted.

MATTISON.—Sept. 15th, aged 49 years, Mr. Henry Mattison, of Great Colmore Street, Birmingham.

BUCKLEY.—Sept. 13th, after a long and painful illness, in the 70th year of his age, Mr. John Buckley, of Cambridge House, Gravelly Hill, and 33, Hockley Hill,

NAYLER.—Sept. 7th, at Old Park Hall, Willington, Durham, from an accident, Mr. William S. Nayler, late of West Bromwich.

TANDY.—July 8th, at South Williamstown, Nora Mary, the beloved wife of G. I. Tandy, chief officer in charge of H.M.C.S. *Victoria*, and fourth daughter of Michael Morley, Esq., C.E., Borrisoleigh, county Tipperary, Ireland, aged 22 years; deeply regretted.

LIST OF AGENTS
FOR THE
ILLUSTRATED MIDLAND NEWS.

Abingdon	Mr. Davis.
Alcester	,, E. M. Wright.
Astwood Bank	,, E. Perkins.
Banbury	Messrs. Stone and Hartley.
Belper	Mr. J. Pegg.
Bewdley	,, Feredy.
Birmingham	Messrs. Smith & Son, Willey, Harris, &c.
Bridgnorth	Mr. McMichael.
Brierley Hill	,, Pritchard.
Bristol	,, R. Bingham.
Bromsgrove	,, J. H. Scroxton.
Burslem	,, H. P. Timmis.
Burton	,, Whitehurst.
Cannock	,, Withington.
Cheltenham	,, G. H. Brookes.
Congleton	,, H. W. Clarson.
Coventry	,, E. Horsfall.
Cradley Heath	,, Forrest.
Darlaston	,, Slater.
Derby	,, J. Harwood.
Droitwich	,, E. Smith.
Dudley	,, Hutchings.
Erdington	,, C. Pearson.
Evesham	Messrs. Smith.
Gloucester	Mr. C. H. Thomas.
Great Bridge	,, Worran.
Halesowen	,, Hodgetts.
Hanley	,, Timmiss.
Hereford	,, Jakeman.
Ironbridge	,, J. Slater.
Kenilworth	Miss Evans.
Kidderminster	Mr. Marks.
Leamington	,, D. Sarney.
Leicester	,, Hewitt.
Leek	,, W. Clemestra.
Lichfield	,, Hackett.
Lincoln	,, Akrill.
London	Messrs. Smith and Son.
,,	,, Marlborough.
Longton	Mr. R. Wadley.
Macclesfield	Messrs. Burgess and Son.
Manchester	,, Heywood and Sons.
,,	Mr. J. Heywood.
Mansfield	,, Clarke.
Newark	,, C. J. Ridge.
Newcastle	,, Dilworth.
Northampton	,, J. Bates.
Nottingham	Messrs. Allen and Son.
Nuneaton	Mr. Bonser.
Oldbury	,, J. Lowe.
Oxford	Messrs. Slatter and Rose.
Paris	M. Mellier.
Pershore	Mr. Pace.
Redditch	,, Hemmings.
Rotherham	,, Hinchliff.
Rugeley	,, Manners.
Sheffield	,, Weston.
Stafford	,, Wright.
Stoke-on-Trent	,, Woolley.
Stourbridge	,, Major.
Stourport	,, Haywood.
Stratford-upon-Avon	,, Paine.
Sutton Coldfield	,, Bentnall.
Tamworth	,, D. Addison.
Tewkesbury	,, H. Browett.
Tipton	,, Britten.
Tunstall	Miss Barlow.
Uttoxeter	Mr. Smart.
Uxbridge	,, Hetherington.
Warwick	,, R. Spennel.
Walsall	,, Wilkes.
Wednesbury	,, Hellier.
Westbromwich	,, Harris.
Weston-super-Mare	Messrs. Robbins and Scotney.
Willenhall	Mr. Dudgeon.
Wolverhampton	Messrs. Barford and Newitt.
Worcester	Mr. Pegg.

Continental and Colonial Agents in our next.

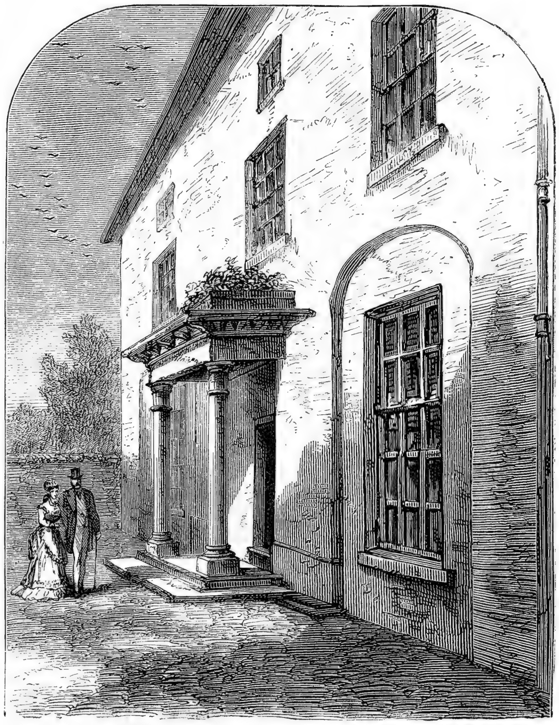
Copies may be had at Messrs. Smith and Son's Book Stalls throughout England.
One Wholesale Agent only appointed in each town.
AGENTS REQUIRED for those towns not represented.

A Huge Steam Hammer.—The *Artizan* states that one of the largest, if not the largest, steam-hammer ever made is now being constructed by Messrs. Thwaites & Garbutt, of Bradford, for the Russian Government, and is intended to be used in the forging of steel guns. The total weight of the machine when erected will be close upon 1,000 tons, the anvil block will weigh 500 tons, the other castings belonging to the hammer about 300 tons, and the tup 42 tons.

ROAD MAKING.

All riders, drivers, and pedestrians are interested in having a good road or pavement to ride, drive, or walk upon. Considering how very much the comfort of the out-door life of all of us depends upon both being properly provided, it is astonishing how often they are allowed to get out of repair, or are so constructed as to be positively torturing. Here in Birmingham, for instance, what can be more uncomfortable, to use a homely phrase, than the pebbles on end with which some of our streets are paved? Every one who traverses them for the first time is loud in their condemnation; the inhabitants apparently get accustomed to the misery they cause, which cannot be any the less disagreeable because it is supposed to be incurable. If such paving be used, it should be mathematically arranged, each stone a certain distance from the other, a system not observed by our paviours. Our streets generally are not too well paved, even when the objectionable pebbles are not brought into requisition. The flagstones are not laid and maintained at a proper angle, and therefore retain the wet longer than usual; and where no flagstones nor pebbles are used, the pathways are inconvenient in hot weather, on account of the dust that lies thick upon them, and, when rain has fallen, owing to the pools of water that everywhere appear. Judging from the experience many of our sea-side towns afford, brick laid upon a good foundation, over which the water can pass and get away, seems to be the most useful paving material where stone is not available. Flags are undoubtedly the most suitable for the purpose, but even they are more or less serviceable, according to the care observed in their laying, and what they are laid upon. The same remark applies to road making, the first principle of which is a good foundation. It is now, we believe, generally acknowledged by engineers that whether the Telford or McAdam system of road making be adopted a good bottom upon which to place the upper layers of stone or broken granite is of the utmost importance; in fact a road made upon any other plan will be of but short duration, and speedily become uneven on its surface. One of the difficulties of road-making is the length of time necessary for consolidation, when the rain percolates through the upper surface, and finds out the weak parts of the foundation; hence, when the road becomes consolidated instead of being level it is frequently full of holes. This defect was partially remedied by men being employed to repair roads during consolidation. In recent years, rolling with horse power has been found of great advantage over the old system, but the evil of this plan was, that the impressions made by the horses' hoofs were not obliterated by the roller. These objections seem, however, to have been quite overcome by the application of steam, a power which, more than any, is better adapted to the purpose of making, or rather the manufacturing, of roads. It is somewhat strange that steam rollers were not brought into use earlier than 1863, when, we believe, the first road roller was made in Birmingham. The finest road in this country, the Holyhead road, was constructed by Telford in 1811.

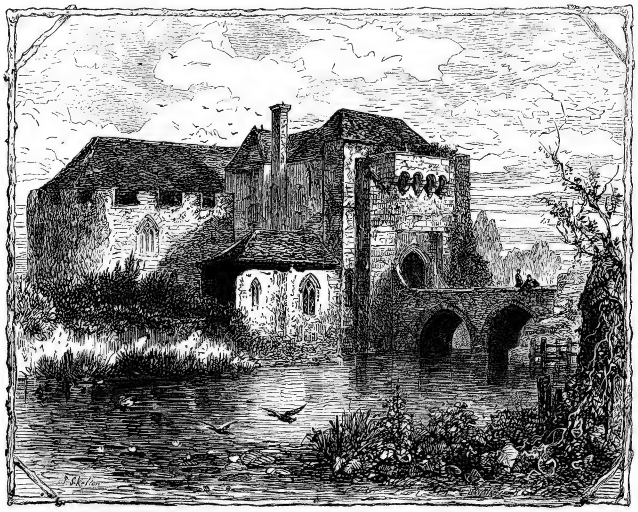
In order to ensure a durable road, the bottom was regularly paved with schistus, on edge, on which was placed a layer of broken stone or "top metal" five or six inches thick, composed of basalt, porphyry, limestone, or grauwacke, to procure which was sometimes a most difficult task, most of the stone in North Wales being schistus, and consequently of too soft a nature for the purpose. Over all was laid a thin coat of gravel that the surface by binding might become of a hard and smooth subsistence.



BIRTHPLACE OF RIP VAN WINKLE. *(See page 54.)*

The water that found its way through the upper coating drained through the schistus, although, according to Telford's principle of road making, the upper coating should be sufficiently hard and impervious to resist water.

Solid foundations are important for the durability and strength of roads and pavements; the nature of their surface is, however, that which chiefly concerns those who use them, and should be matter of important consideration with all who are entrusted with their construction. And this is a matter to which the attention of the Birmingham authorities should especially be directed. The numerous hills which render our street traffic so difficult have in no way been rendered less arduous to horses by the plan of road making adopted. Nothing can be worse than the steep inclines at each end of the Market Hall in wet or frosty weather. A strip of stone pavement down the centre or the sides of each hill would be an improvement calculated to prevent accidents, and certainly mitigate the fatigue of horses dragging heavy weights. As it is, the animals have no foothold in ascending, and the vehicles no such drag upon them in descending, as the stone paving would give. There is much to be done in improving the paving and road making of Birmingham; and the interests of the town demand that it should be done at once.

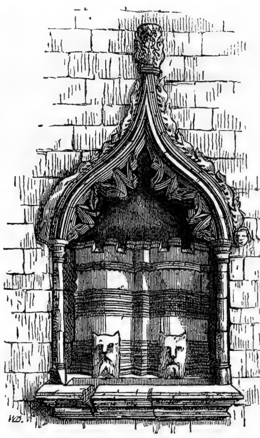


LEEDS CASTLE.—*BY P. SKELTON.*

LEEDS CASTLE, KENT.

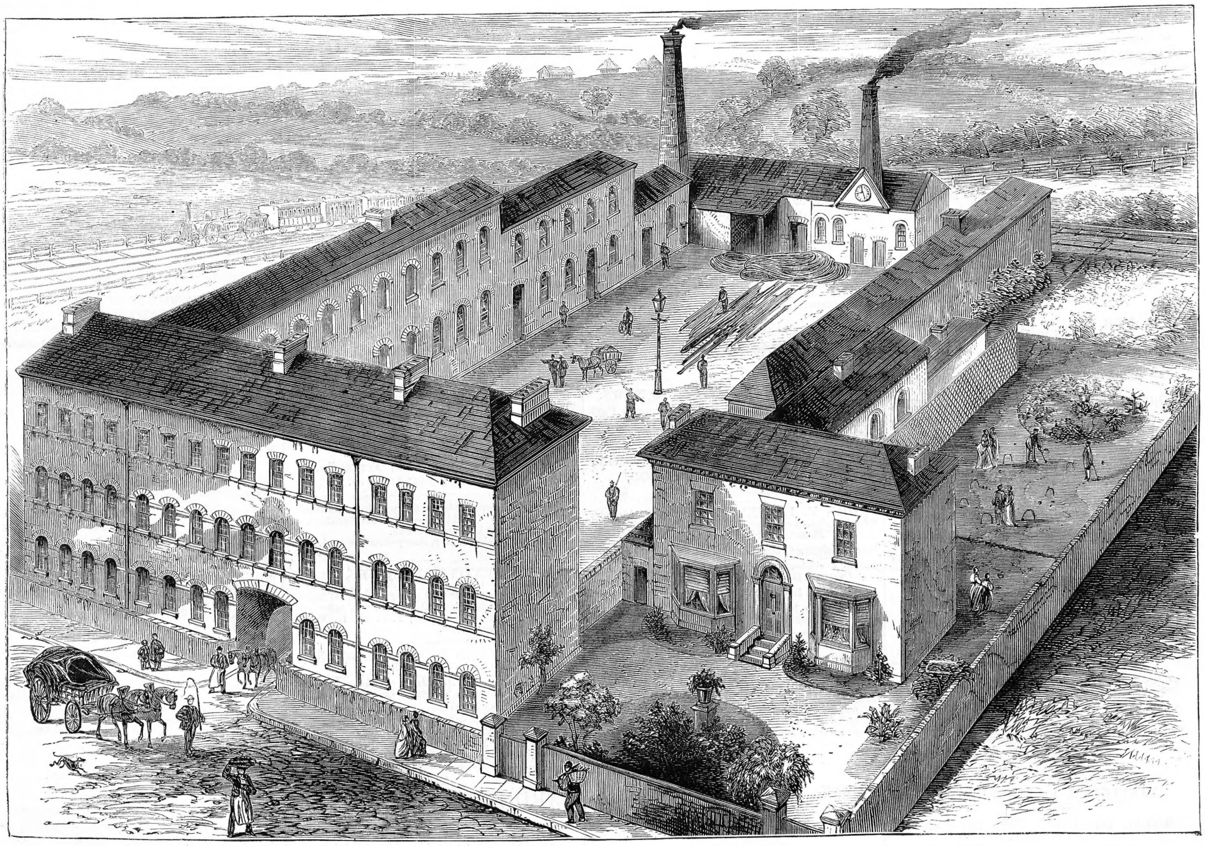
An interesting history is attached to the Castle, a view of which we engrave this week. It is said, on the authority of Hasted and other local chroniclers, that Leeds was part of the possessions given by the Conqueror to Odo, Bishop of Bayeux, by whom it was subsequently confiscated to the Crown. The Conqueror afterwards granted it to the family of Crevequers, or Crevecœur, one of whom probably erected the Castle, and, with his son, founded a priory, dedicated to St. Mary and St. Nicholas, situated at a short distance west of the Castle. The present owner of the Castle is Mr. Wykeham-Martin, whose son is Captain of the Leeds Rifle Corps. Once it was a favourite residence of our monarchs. Tradition assigns to Leeds Castle the distinction of having been one of the fortresses in which Richard II. was imprisoned; Henry IV.'s second queen, Joan of Navarre, was kept within its walls, charged with conspiring against the life of Henry V., her grandson. Subsequently, the descendants of Henry, fourth Lord Fairfax (cousin of the Parliamentary general of that name), occupied the Castle as a manor-house. A moat encircles the Castle; the park consists of undulating ground and beautiful turf, with deer roaming beneath the trees' umbrageous branches. In the old times few places were better provided with means of protection than this Kentish Castle, which boasted four forts, each capable of being separately defended. Some writers attribute a large building adjoining the water-tower to William of Wykeham; what is now standing, however, is hardly older than the reign of Henry VIII. Some of the original windows of the chapel remained at the date of our visit; they are of the period of Edward II. There is an old clock tower (anciently called the "gloriette") containing a bell on which the curfew has been rung for many generations, and we believe the custom is even yet retained. This bell bears date 1435. In the reign of Henry II. Leeds Castle passed into the hands of the De Leyburne family. The estates once more reverted to the Crown by the gift of William de Leyburne; and subsequently, after the death of Queen Margaret (sister of Philip, King of France), the manor and the advowson of the Priory were granted to Lord Badlesmere in fee, in exchange for the manor of Adderley, in Shropshire. Lord Badlesmere was one of the "discontented barons," and went the length of refusing the Queen of Edward II. admittance in the year 1321. The Earls of Pembroke and Richmond, however, brought the rebellious baron to book, sent Lady Badlesmere and her children to the Tower, hung the Castellan, Sir Thomas Colepeper, on the chain of the drawbridge, and Lord Badlesmere was shortly afterwards taken and executed at Canterbury, in which city his head was set on a pole, the barbarous custom of those days. William of Wykeham repaired the Castle in 1359 by order of Edward III., and Richard II. dated many public documents from "his Castle of Leeds." Edward III. granted the Manor and Castle to Sir Anthony St. Leger, Lord-Deputy of Ireland, who held them *in capite* by Knight's service. Then the Colepepers got possession of the estates, and after them the Fairfaxs were Lords of Leeds. To Fiennes Wykeham, Esq., father of the present proprietor, were bequeathed the estates. He died in 1840, and was succeeded by his son Charles; whose father had taken the additional surname of Martin. Battle Hall forms a part of the Leeds Castle property. One of our engravings represents what some consider a holy-water stoup, which is in the wall near the doorway; others more reasonably assume it to be a cistern or lavatory of perhaps the time of Edward II. or Edward III.

BIRMINGHAM THEATRE ROYAL.—The season once begun, Mr. Simpson leaves no stone unturned to please his patrons. The Covent Garden Opera Company were followed by the dramatic company with Miss Julia Desborough as leading lady, and these were succeeded on Monday by Mr. Sothern, Miss Ada Cavendish, &c. Mr. Robertson's play of "David Garrick" was chosen for the first night's performance, with Mr. Sothern as *Garrick*, Miss Ada Cavendish as *Ada Ingot*, Mr. W. Blakeley as *Mr. Ingot*, and Mr. R. Sweetman as *Squire Chivey.* The incident in the great actor's career which the dramatist has worked out with so charming a result is so well known that it need not be re-told here. The actor's passion for *Ada Ingot*, the love returned by the rich merchant's daughter, the disgust with which *Mr. Ingot* at first views what he would regard as a *mésalliance*, though the honour is done, and not received, by *Garrick;* the bargain made by the player to undeceive the girl, the famous scene in which *Garrick* feigns drunkenness, the discovery of *Ada* by her father in his house, and the ultimate happy termination of the affair; all this has been so often dwelt upon that to repeat it would be like the relating of a thrice-told tale. Mr. Sothern, often as he has represented the part in Birmingham, never played better than on Monday night, when a house crowded in every part gave the popular actor such a welcome as must have delighted him and Miss Cavendish, who shared his success. Mr. Blakeley and Mr. Sweetman, and the other members of the company were well suited in their parts. The play was followed by the farce of "A Regular Fix," with Mr. Sothern as *Hugh de Brass*—one of his most amusing delineatious. "Home" was played on Tuesday and Wednesday, with Mr. Sothern and Miss Ada Cavendish in the leading parts. We shall notice Mr. Byron's new play "Sir Simon Simple" next week.

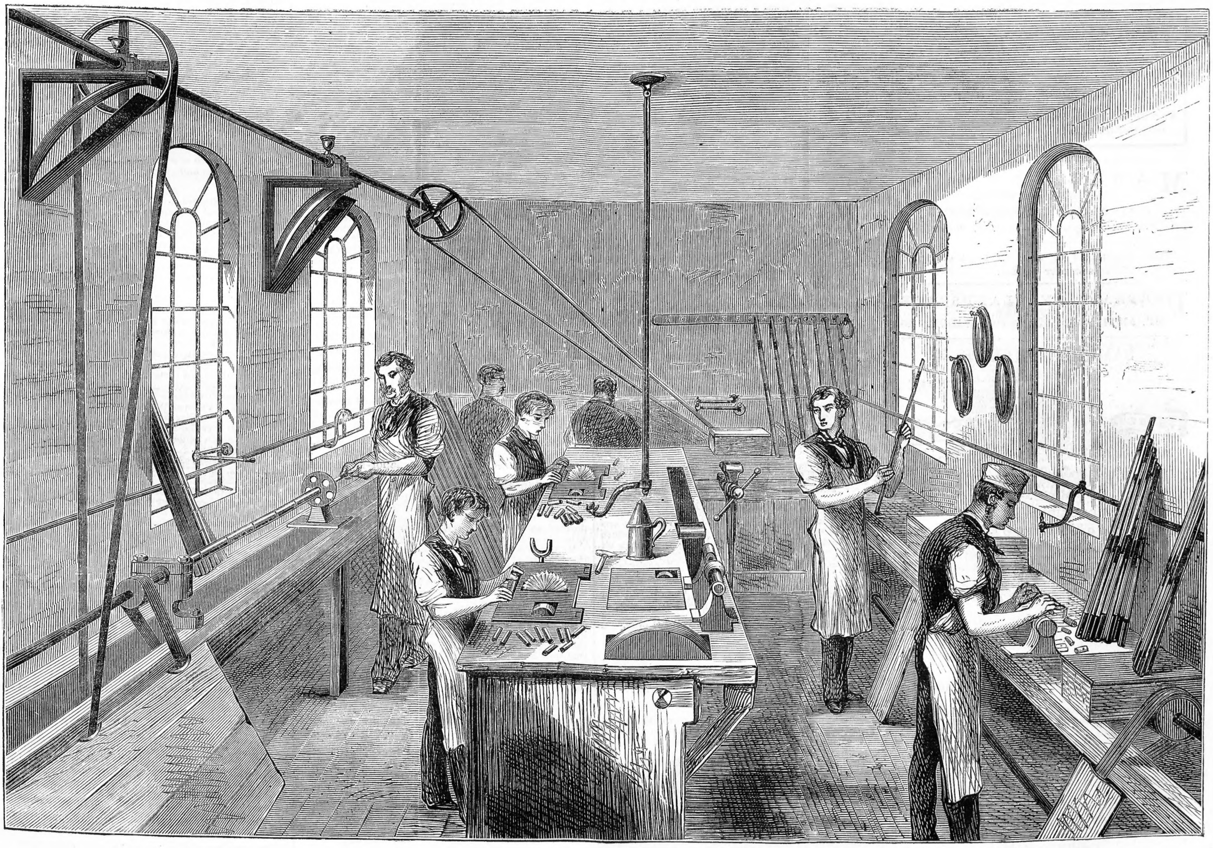


LEEDS CASTLE.—LAVATORY AT BATTLE HALL.

Leamington Parish Church will be opened at the end of this month. It has been completely repaired.



MESSRS. ALLCOCKS' FISHING TACKLE MANUFACTORY, REDDITCH. *(See page 55.)*



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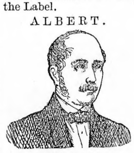

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Extract of Medical Report on the Wimbledon Meeting.

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Surgeon to the National Rifle Association.

From the Times, July 17.

The Earth Closet system was tried again this year, and with the most satisfactory results. Had there been a failure anywhere, it must have been felt yesterday, when the temperature was by far the highest of any day during the present meeting.

From the Daily News. July 10.

The health of the Camp is marvellously good. Out of the 2,530 men whom the Association have in their books—of whom, be it said, but 1,277 are volunteers—there are but four cases of diarrhœa, and but 17 men on the doctor's books at all. None of these are serious cases, and the admirable working of the Earth Closets, concerning which Captain Drake reported so favourably last year, is again of the highest service. Thanks to them, none of the inconveniences and dangers arising from suddenly transporting a large body of men to live and sleep in an open country can occur, and the effect is shown by the smallness of the doctor's list.

From the Pall Mall Gazette, July 19.

The latrinal arrangements have again been most satisfactory.

From the British Medical Journal, July 17.

The health of the Camp this year has hitherto been excellent. A few cases of diarrhœa, an occasional case of slight exhaustion from fatigue, exposure to the sun, or perhaps the little follies of the previous day, have been about all to engage the attention of the surgeons in camp. The cool mornings and evenings, and the refreshing breeze which has almost daily blown across the Common, have no doubt contributed much to the satisfactory bill of health; but the improved water-supply, the more effective Earth Closets, the greater and more varied hygienic precautions taken by the Volunteers, and the general improvement in the sanitary arrangements of the Camp, have every reason to claim a favourable hearing.

From the Observer, July 25.

It is gratifying to state that the medical statistics of the Camp show a less amount of sickness than was ever previously known, there being but a few, and those very unimportant, cases of diarrhœa brought under notice of the medical staff at any time during the fortnight. This favourable circumstance is attributable to the adoption of the Dry Earth system, which, even on the very hottest days with which the Camp was visited, prevented the emission of unpleasant odours.

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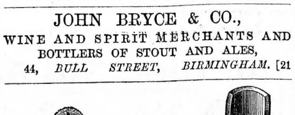

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